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STRENGTH FOR TO-DAY.

Strength for to-day is all that we need.
As there never will be a to-morrow.
For to-morrow will prove but another to-day
With its measures of joy and sorrow.

Then why forecast the trials of life,
With its weal and woe and its cares,
And watch and wait for a share of its fate
That we yet have no existence?

Strength for to-day—what a precious loan
For the earnest souls who labor.
For the willing hands that minister
To the needy friend or neighbor.

Strength for to-day—that the weary heart
In the battle for right may stand not,
And the eyes bedimmed with bitter tears
In their search for light may find God.

Strength for to-day on the downhill track,
For the travelers near the valley,
Trust up for us, the other side
How long they may safely rally.

Strength for to-day—that our precious youth
May happily shun temptation,
And build from the rise to the set of the sun,
On a strong and sure foundation.

Strength for to-day—in home and home,
To practice forbearance meekly,
To scatter kind words and loving deeds,
Still trusting in God completely.

SIDONIE, THE INTRIGANTE.

THE FROMONT JEUNE ET RISLER AINE OF ALPHONSE DAUDET.

Translated by George D. Cox.

[This story was commenced in No. 2, Vol. 56. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

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BOOK IV.

I.

THE FANTASTIC LEGEND OF THE LITTLE BLUE MAN.

You are free not to believe in him, as for me, I believe firmly in the little blue man. Not that I have ever seen him, but a poet, one of my friends, to whom I have every confidence, has told me very often that he found himself face to face, one night, with this strange little gnome, and behold under what circumstances.

My friend had had the weakness to give a note to his tailor, and like all people of imagination it, a similar case, as soon as his signature was given, he had thought him self rid of his debt and the ideal of his note had vanished from his mind. Now it chanced that one night our poet was awakened with a start by a singular noise which came from his chimney. He thought at first that it was a chilly sparrow seeking the luke warm vapor of the dead fire, or perhaps a weather-vane fretted by the changing wind. But at the end of a moment, the sound being prolonged, he distinguished very clearly the jingle of a sack of coin mixed with I know not what rattling of a little chain. At the same time, he heard a small voice, sharp as the distant whistle of a locomotive, clear as the crow of a cock, cry out to him from the top of the roof "Day of payment—day of payment!"

"Ah! Great Heavens! my note!" said the poor fellow to himself remembering all at once that the obligation of his hated would mature in eight days, and, until morning, he did nothing but toss, searching for sleep in all the corners of his bed and finding only the thought of that cursed note of hand. For next night, the night after that, all the following nights, he was aroused at the same hour and in the same fashion, always the sound of coin, the rattling of the little chain and in the small voice which cried out with a chuckle "Day of payment—day of payment!" The most terrible thing was that the nearer the day of payment approached, the sharper and more feverish became the cry, full of threats of scorn and of subpœnas.

Unfortunate poet! There were not enough tears of blood in all the ink across the city to provide notes, if one supposes still that the cruel small voice should come to him to take away a receipt. The wretch did not belong, that is a fact, to earth. What spirit of malice could take on itself the martyrizing him thus? He asked himself what it was. One night, finally, instead of trying to bed, he got out, his nightcap on his head, and opened his window and waited.

I have no need to tell you that in the quality of poet, just as found every man made up on a model, he had nothing but that species of compact loose type in front towards the street which the superintendent in every house, the first to rise, goes and lets admit the milk-man. Above all, he knows aspects supernatural. Accordingly, as soon as the clock struck two, the small voice, as usual, whispered into the pipe of the chimney "Day of payment—day of payment!" Then, leaning out a little more, the poet perceived on the house-roof opposite a singular personage, who was standing on the ridge-pole, and who, in the midst of the fog, appeared to him to be of colossal stature. He was dressed entirely in blue, with a blue cap on his head, blue shoes on his feet, and a blue cloak which floated in the wind. He was seated astride on the ridge-pole, and was busily engaged in counting out, with the greatest rapidity, pieces of gold from a sack which he held between his knees. At each piece he threw down, he repeated his cry "Day of payment—day of payment!" and then, with a chuckle, he added "Ah! the fellow, he thinks I am going to bring him his note. He does not know that I am the little blue man, and that I never bring back those that I have taken away."

Day of payment—day of payment!

Ah! the little rascal! He had not been deceived in his prediction. He was indeed the little blue man, and he was there, before the poet's eyes, in the flesh, with his sack of coin and his chain. Besides, he knew, in the depths of himself, that he was the bearer of a note of hand, and that he was to take back with him, in exchange for the coin, the signature of the poet. Then, still seated astride on the ridge-pole, he began to count out the money, and, as he counted, he cried out in a voice which grew more and more terrible "Day of payment—day of payment!"

Beginning to know this fellow, who was so like the little blue man, he had begun to laugh at his cry, when all at once he perceived that the little blue man had turned his back to him, and was busily engaged in counting out the coin from his sack. Of the two, one was in this multitude of dolorous shapes which crowded, howling, before him. He rather had fighted because he did, and seized upon his bed, he flung it. Where would this bed throw him? Indeed, it threw and threw, certainly more than that was owed by the house. There were odd sous for young among the customers, a remainder of account with the Enchanteurs and others, but what by indications it would be for him to gather in all these innocent debts. These things are not done in the best commerce; they have the air of a house of small affairs. And nevertheless they were better than a protest, eh? the thought that the bank current would come before his rating, with assured and confident looks. That he would place his notes tranquilly upon the ledger, and that he, Daniel Sigismond Platon, would be obliged to say

"Take back your drafts. I have no money to meet them."

No, no. That was impossible. Any humiliation was preferable to that.

Well, he said, I will go the length to morrow, replied the poet aloud.

And while he actated himself, while he [illegible] this with [illegible] and [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

man rang out all at once in the noise of the wind:

"Day of payment—day of payment!"

The unhappy man! In his anger he had no longer thought of it. And nevertheless he had long seen it coming, that terrible end of January. How many times, between two rendezvous, when his thoughts, free a moment from Sidonie, had returned to business, to the reality of life, how many times he had said: "That day will be the breaking up!" But like all those who live in the delirium of drunkenness, his sensitive had made him believe that it was too late to repair anything and he had started again more quickly and more strongly on his evil way, to forget, to stun himself.

At this hour, he had no longer the means to stun himself. He saw his disaster clearly, even to the bottom; and the dry and serious face of Sigismond Planus rose up before him with its innumerable cut-like strokes, its expression of which corrected the stiffness, and his Swiss-German light eyes which, for some time past had pursued him with such an impassive look.

Ah, well! No, no, he had them not, those hundred thousand francs, and he did not know where to get them. For six months past, to supply the ruinous fantasies of his mistress, he had plundered much, but enormous sums. Besides that the failure of a banker, a miserable investory! There no longer remained to him anything but the ignominy, and in what a state!

Where should he go at present, and what should he do?

That which some hours before had seemed to him a chaos, a whirlwind in which he could see nothing distinctly and the confusion of which was still a hope for him, appeared to him at this moment with a frightful clearness. Empty safes, closed doors, protests, ruin. Behold what he perceived, on whatever side he turned. And as to all this was added the treason of Sidonie, the wretched man, dismayed, not knowing to what to cling in this great shipwreck, uttered suddenly a cry of agony, a groan, like a call to some Providence.

"George, George, is it! What is the matter with you?"

His wife was before him, his wife who now waited for him each night, watched anxiously for his return from the club, for she continued to believe that 'twas there he passed his evenings. On seeing her husband change, grow gloomier a little more from day to day, Claire had fancied that he must have some heavy money trouble, without doubt from losses at play. She had been warned that he played much, and despite the indifference that he showed for her, she had felt disturbed for him, had wished that he would take her for a confidante, that he would give her occasion to show herself generous and kinder. That night, she had heard him walking very late in his chamber. As her little daughter coughed much, claimed attention every moment, she had divided her solicitude between the suffering of the infant and that of its father; and she had remained there, her ear sharpened to every noise, in one of those compassionate and dolorous watches in which women gather up all that they have in themselves of courage to bear the heavy burden of multiple duty. At last the infant had fallen asleep, and on hearing its father weep, Claire had run to him.

Oh! when he saw her before him, so tender, so moved and so beautiful, what humiliation and tardy remorse seized him. Yes, she was the only true companion, the friend. How had he been able to abandon her? Long, long, he wept upon her shoulder without the power to speak. And it was well that he did not speak, for he would have told her all, all. The unfortunate had need of an effusion, an irresistible desire to accuse himself, to crave pardon, to diminish the weight of that remorse which was crushing his heart.

She spared him the pain of pronouncing a word.

"You have played, have you not?—you have lost—and much?"

He made an affirmative sign; then, when he could speak, he avowed that he must have a hundred thousand francs for the day after the morrow and that he did not know how to procure them.

She did not give him a reproach. She was of those who in face of an evil think only of repairing it without the least recrimination. Besides, in the bottom of her heart, she believed this disaster which drew him near to her again and became a bond between their two existences so separated for so long. She reflected a moment. Afterwards, with the effort of a decision which it has cost much uneasiness to take:

"Nothing is yet lost," said she. "I will go to-morrow to Savigny to ask the money of grandfather."

Never had he dared to speak of this to her. The thought of it even had not come to him. She was so proud, and the old Gardinois so hard. 'Twas certainly a great sacrifice that she was making for him, a proof of shining love that she was giving him. Suddenly he was usurped by that warmth of heart, that liveliness which comes after danger has passed over. Claire seemed to him like a supernatural being who had the gift of goodness and appealing, as much as the other, above, had the gift of making lovers and of deceiving. Voluntarily he sank on his knees before that beautiful visage which her black hair magnificently wreathed about for the night surrounded with a glory of brilliant blue, and in which the regularity of the features a trifle severe melted in an admirable expression of tenderness.

"Claire, Claire—but you are good!"

Without responding, she led him towards the cradle of their infant.

"Embrace her," said she softly, and as they were both there the one near the other, lost in the muslin of the curtain, their heads leaned over that small breath quieted, but still slightly panting from the fits of its sickness. George was afraid of awakening his daughter, and he embraced the mother passionately.

Behold very surely the first effect of this kind which the apparition of the little blue man ever produced in a household. Ordinarily everywhere he passes, this frightful little gnome, he disunites the hands and the hearts, turns the mind from its dearest affections by agitating it with a thousand inquietudes awakened by the rattle of his little chain and by his sinister cry above the roofs:

"Day of payment—day of payment!"

II.

REVELATIONS.

"Ah! here's Sigismond. How goes it, Pere Sigismond? And business—is that getting on well with you?"

The old cashier smiled with a good natured air, shook hands with the employer, with his wife, with his brother, and, whilst talking, gazed curiously around him. 'Twas in a manufactory of wall-papers of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, that of the Prochasons, whose competition had commenced to become formidable. These former clerks of the house of Fremont, established on their own account, had started out in a very small way and had little by little made themselves a position in the city. Uncle Fremont had for a long time sustained them with his credit and his money, which had caused to spring up between the two houses friendly relations and the balance of an account—ten or fifteen thousand francs—which they had neglected to settle definitely, because it was known that with the Prochasons the money was in good hands. All that ringing noise of the manufactory was encouraging. The chimneys shook their plumes proudly. At the hollow din of work, one felt that the workshops were full and active. The buildings were in good order, the window-panes clean; everything had a look of gaiety, of good humor, of discipline, and behind the commodious house gaping like the jaw of beast, the brothers, plainly dressed, her hair smooth, an air of authority upon her young face, was seated attentive and absorbed in a long line of figuring.

Within himself old Sigismond thought bitterly of the difference which existed between the house of Fremont, formerly so magnificent, living no longer except on its ancient reputation, and the prosperity always growing of the establishment before his eyes. His searching look penetrated to the smallest detail, seeking for a defect, a point to criticise; and as he could find nothing, that made him sad, gave to his smile something false and vexed.

What embarrassed him most of all was the manner he should adopt for demanding the money of his employers without letting the disorder of his finances be seen. The poor man had an easy, careless air which was truly painful. Business was getting on well—very well. He was passing in the quarter by chance, and had conceived the idea of coming in for a little while. 'Twas very natural, was it not? One loves to see old friends.

But, these preambles, these circuits growing larger and larger did not bring him where he wished; on the contrary, they took him further from his idea, and imagining that he saw in the countenances of those who were listening to him, he finally grew bewildered, stammered, lost his head, then as a last resource took his hat and started to go. At the door, he changed his mind suddenly:

"Ah! in fact, since I am here."

And he made a little wink of the eye which he believed arch and which was only wounding.

"Since I am here, let us clear up that old account a little."

The two brothers, the young wife seated at the counter, looked at each other for a second, without comprehending!

"Accounts? What accounts?"

Then all three fell to laughing at the same time, and heartily, as at a fine strife far-fetched of the old cashier. Gracious, Pere Planus! He was laughing also, the old fellow. He was laughing without any desire for it, in fact.

Finally, they explained. Fromont Jeune had come himself, six months before, to look after the money remaining in their hands.

Sigismond felt his heart swell. He had however enough courage to respond:

"Let me see! 'Tis true. I had forgotten it. Ah! decidedly Sigismond Planus is getting old. I am declining, my children, I am declining."

And the good man went away wiping his eyes, in which still shone great tears from his emotion, and he could not help but laugh had. Behind him the young folks looked at each other shaking their heads. They half understood.

The stunning force of the blow received had been so terrible, that the old cashier once in the street was obliged to seat himself upon a bench. This was the reason then that George drew no more money from the counting room. He made his collection himself. What had been done at the Prochasons' had likely been done everywhere else. It was then useless to expose himself to new humiliations. Yes; but the day of payment, the day of payment! This idea gave him back his strength. He wiped his forehead full of perspiration and resumed his road to try another experiment at the house of one of their customers of the Faubourg. But this time he took his precautions, and from the threshold, without even entering, he cried to the cashier:

"Good day, Pere So and So. A little information, I pray you."

He held the door half-open, his hand clutched hard upon the knob.

"At what time did we settle our last account? I have forgotten to enter it."

Oh! it had been long, very long since their account was settled. The receipt of Fromont Jeune bore the date of September. It had been five months.

"That is all right," said he, quickly.

Two! Evidently it would be the same thing everywhere.

"Ah! Monsieur Chovelet, Monsieur Chovelet," murmured poor Sigismond, whilst he continued his pilgrimage, his back bent, his legs trembling, the carriage of Madame Fromont Jeune passed close beside him, going and coming at the Bourse depot; but Claire did not see old Planus, just the same as a few moments before, on leaving her dwelling, she had not seen the long equipage of M. Chefer and the cocked hat of the illustrious Delobelle, two additional martyrs of the day of payment, turn each from one direction the corner of the Rue des Vieilles Haudrieties, with the manufactory and the porte monnaie of Rider for their object. The young wife was too greatly preoccupied with the step she had to take to look into the street.

Think of it! It was frightful. To go demand a hundred thousand francs of M. Gardinois, a man who boasted that he had never stolen! Gracious, she loved a man by his life, who related ever and anon that, one single time, having been obliged to ask his father for forty francs to purchase for himself a pair of pantaloons, he had to go back those forty francs in small sums. For everybody, even for his children, the old Gardinois followed those traditions of paternity which, on earth, the earth and the often ungrateful to those who cultivate it, seems to teach to all the countrymen. Of his colossal fortune, the old fellow comprehended that, from his living, nothing would pass to his family.

"They will find my wealth when I am dead," said he often.

Therefore on this principle, he had married his daughter, Madame Fromont the mother, without the least dowry, and later he could not pardon his son-in-law for having made a fortune without any assistance on his part. For 'twas further one of the peculiarities of that nature as vainglorious as interested, to wish that everybody should have need of him, should bow down before his money. When the Fromonts rejoiced in his presence at the happy turn that their affairs had commenced to take, his little blue eye, cunning and sharp, smiled ironically and he uttered an "all that will be seen at the end," the intonation of which made one shiver. Sometimes also, in the evening, at Savigny, when the park, the avenues, the blue slates of the Chateau, the rosy bricks of the stables, the ponds, the pieces of water shone, bathed in the golden glory of a beautiful setting sun, this strange parvenu, after a look around, said aloud to his children:

"What consoles me for having to die one day is that nobody in the family will be rich enough to keep a Chateau which costs fifty thousand francs for maintenance yearly."

However, with that tenderness of after-growth which grandfathers, even the roughest, find in the bottom of their hearts, the old Gardinois would willingly have made much of his granddaughter. But Claire, child as she was, had had an unconquerable antipathy for the harshness of heart, the glorious selfishness of the aged countryman. Then, when abortion done not put bonds between these whose difference of education separates, antipathy is augmented by a thousand sheddings. At the moment of the marriage of Claire with George, the old fellow had said to Madame Fromont:

"If your daughter should be can have a princely gift from me; but she must ask for it."

And Claire had had nothing, not having wished to ask for anything.

What torture to go, these years after that, to beg a hundred thousand francs of the generously formerly disdained, to go to humiliate herself, to encounter the sarcasm without end, the stupid sneers, the whole armoured with country pleasantries, with words of the soil, with those maxims just to grind, made for the brains of logical minds, and which wound in their ordinary dialect, like the abuse of an inferior.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE WIDOW NORBURY'S JACK.

"Our cat is dead, and Lady Jemima has married the walrus."

It was a house what astonishing announcement. It overtook me on a quiet thicket, where for the last half-hour there had been no sounds but those made by the red squirrels prying about the dead logs, and the robins getting ready to go to bed before the sun set, with a chattering and commotion among old and young that spoke poorly for the discipline maintained in the family.

I had been lying on my back on the grass, and looking up at the sky for the express pleasure of enjoying that peculiar sensation it gives; one seems floating slowly into infinite space.

"Our cat is dead, and Lady Jemima has married the walrus."

The announcement was repeated, the voice sounded clear at last, and this time was earnest, even imperious, as though the exigency of the case demanded that some decisive step should be taken by somebody. Without delay, I raised myself on my elbow and looked about, feeling a little dazed.

Of course, I knew that Lady Jemima had never been married at Grace Church, with a white satin train three yards long, in the presence of her friends, to a walrus; and we have no grounds for believing that the mermaids and men (for walrus is a merman after all) publish newspapers in their caves; and then I remembered the Atlantic telegraph, it would be easy enough for any seal-ing to send a message by that.

I felt a little relieved, and sat up and looked about, able now to wonder why the intelligence had been brought to me of all people, and who could have brought it, for we were in the primeval forests and leagues away; but to be sure, a man is never secure from the wiles of mermaids.

Perhaps the ghost of the knight-cat himself had returned to tell the harrowing tale; and the Fox sisters, and their successors, have made spirits too accessible for even nervous people to be alarmed or startled by the appearance of any sort of phantom, from Cain and Abel down to the pet devils that we cherish in our own poetical interiors—so I sat still and waited.

The stranger might be Circe herself, and I tried to look as much like Ulysses as I could. I

REMEMBRANCE.

I often think of the olden time,
Of the day of long ago,
When we wandered in the nottspring-time,
To where the brookiese flow;
The sentimental scenes we often shared,
Where shady maples grew;
How side by side we little cared
What time would bring to view.

Our lives seem now sadly changed since then!
A few years evenly, too,
And fate has done his part, I ween,
But let us still be true;
Although he drew his sceptre weird,
And cast our lives apart,
The troubles of the past appear,
And binds our souls and hearts.

Our error wrought a sacrifice,
And one which we regret,
But only let the truth suffice—
We never can forget;
For through the vista of the years
Some thoughts we'll ever keep,
Affection's smiles, devotion's tears,
Our love so pure and deep.

Now that resolves are firmly made,
Our lives asunder riven,
(It's though our souls in error strayed),
Let's pray to be forgiven:
And when this life we little cared
Beyond the Stygian river,
Our lives, which are now tempest-tossed,
Will then unite forever.

RACHEL BROWN'S

MEMORIAL.

A Story of Marriage and Divorce.

BY E. B. ENGLE.

(This story was commenced in No. 50, Vol. 2. Back numbers can always be obtained).

CHAPTER X.

A CHAPTER OF DRY NARRATIVE.

I wouldn't be a lawyer for a fortune. I couldn't stand the everlasting grist of testimony and points of law that one is doomed to have ground before him as long as he is a lawyer. It were impossible for me not to get around telling the reader about the divorce suit between Caleb Bostwick and his wife. I would go a considerable distance around. But there is no other way; it would leave an ugly hole right in the middle of the fabric and my story would be spoiled; there were some incidents connected with the suit which have a great deal to do with my story. I cannot evade it, so without another word, in hoosier parlance, "I'll roll up my pants and take a short cut across the fields."

When Mrs. Bostwick so summarily shook the dust of her husband's home from her shoes and sought the protection of her father's house, Mr. Bostwick immediately set about making preparations to obtain a divorce.

The Bostwicks kept a "hired girl." Sarah Ann Snell of course wanted to keep on the good side of both master and mistress, and this is often a hard task, especially when a difference occurs between master and mistress.

When Mr. Bostwick found himself alone, his first thought was to ascertain of Sarah who the untimely visitor was. The first thought that entered his mind was that the interloper was Mr. Mintwood, a neighbor of fickle habits, and accordingly he presented himself in the kitchen and asked:

"What man was that here to-night, Sarah?"

"I'm not certain who, if you please, sir," with a significant look which heightened Mr. Bostwick's suspicions. Sarah had heard the conversation between Caleb and his wife through the key-hole, of course.

"Did you see him?" asked Mr. Bostwick.

"I had a squint at him through the key-hole—that is, if you please, through the crack o' the door," said Sarah.

"Don't you think you would know him if you saw him again?"

"I reckon I would, sir."

"Are you not of the opinion that it was Mr. Mintwood?"

Sarah smiled insinuatingly, but went on with her work in silence.

"Answer me, Sarah; do you think the man was Mr. Mintwood or not?"

"Well, ef I must speak, I think it was."

"Did you hear any of their conversation?"

"I wasn't in the room, Mr. Bostwick."

"But in passing, did you not hear anything that was said?"

"Well——I might have heard a little sprinkle."

"What did you hear?"

"I——didn't hear so——very——much."

"Much or little, what did you hear?"

"I heard——him——say——sumpin' about I—likes'—her better——better'n—than you did."

"The devil! what did *she* say?" cried Bostwick, his face livid.

"Nothing much."

"What! don't trifle. Tell me!"

"Well,——she didn't say much at all——" Mr. Bostwick. She said she b'lieved it."

"Very well, Sarah, you may have to say that in the court room."

"O, Mr. Bostwick! I hope I won't get into no trouble about this," cried the terrified girl.

"No, I think not. There's not much chance for trouble in your case. I wish I could say as much for myself;" and Mr. Bostwick groaned and turned to go. "Stop," said he again, "did you hear nothing else."

"Not another word, sir," said Sarah, inwardly wishing that she had heard nothing.

"Very well," said Bostwick, going.

"Supper's ready," said Sarah.

"Eat your supper and clear the table; I don't want anything," said Bostwick, as he left the room.

He had just time to procure a divorce at the term of the court which was to sit in two weeks; so without waiting to think it over, or to allow his anger to cool, he immediately commenced proceedings.

As is well known, one can procure a divorce in Indiana on almost any ground, and as Mr. Bostwick had grown up from boyhood with the knowledge of this a part of his nature, he did not think it necessary to be very much concerned about his evidence. He was sure he could prove that his wife had been imprudently intimate with Mintwood, which alone would condemn her in the eyes of all who were acquainted with Mintwood's character; and besides this, it is an easy matter to prove incompatibility of temperament which is the foundation for nine-tenths of the divorces granted in the Indiana courts.

But notwithstanding Bostwick's assurance, he had to deal with a man who often boasted that he "knew the books and crooks in the law," and Gideon Carson was busy using quietly all his iniquitous energy to accomplish his own ends, and when the case came to the trial, Carson had every possible arrangement made, while Bostwick was wholly unprepared for the array of testimony in Amelia's favor.

Mr. Bostwick had but one witness beside himself, and that witness was the terrified Sarah Ledwell, who testified having seen a man come into the house about dusk on the evening Mrs. Bostwick left home, and that she was sure the man was Mr. Mintwood; that she had heard Mr. Mintwood say something about loving Mrs. Bostwick better than Mr. Bostwick did, and that Mrs. Bostwick believed him, etc.

Mr. Bostwick testified that he saw a man whom he supposed to be Mintwood rush out of the room as the former entered it, and that he believed from his wife's confusion and consequent falsehood, that she was, to say the least, too intimate with a man of bad character.

On the other hand, Mr. Carson proved by several witnesses, (Mr. Carson acting for his daughter), that Mr. Mintwood was out of the State at the time mentioned, and that on that evening Mr. Carson's son had visited Amelia, and not being on good terms with Bostwick, he tried to evade him. He recollected that his coat caught on the latch as he hurried out. He remembered also, of telling Amelia during the evening that her father and mother had been better than he might still have been living happily with her!

He thought long and painfully of the conclusive evidence of Amelia's innocence and his heart went out after her; but when he saw in his imagination the white, vicious face that drove him mad on that terrible night, the same deathly chill came over him and he left the room. In her limousine-coupe he saw in it only the machinations of Carson.

Amelia should never come into his house again to drive him to perdition and train his child to vice—never!

As he made this mental exclamation the court was giving the decision. A decree of divorce was granted, but Amelia was allowed the sum of ten thousand dollars, as prayed, one half of which was to be paid to her by Mr. Bostwick in fifteen days, and the remainder in six months thereafter.

Bostwick stared at the judge with paling cheek and smarting eye; he glared wildly about the room—then everything seemed to fade away into nothing.

He had not fainted, but in a fit of unconsciousness, such as is seldom seen or experienced, he was led from the room, while Carson, still wearing the look of a martyr, walked boldly out.

Thus ended another of the every-day tragedies of life—two hearts were torn apart, to throb, crushed and bleeding through life.

CHAPTER XI.

THE DIVORCE BUSINESS.

It may not have been seen by the foregoing chapters, that the visits of Amelia's brother at such times and in such ways as would be likely to excite suspicion in Bostwick's mind were made at the instance of Gideon Carson, and I will here state that such was the case. It would seem as the first view of such a scheme that it would fail; and even to Gideon the plan was a bold one, but was the best he could think of to answer his purpose, because if that failed it would reflect nothing on himself. In order to further his unrighteous scheme he did not even spare his daughter's good name, but caused a tale of scandal which involved Amelia's reputation to be circulated among a certain clique, knowing that it would reach the ears of Bostwick and aid in its weight toward creating a suspicion in his mind of Amelia's inconstancy. It was due to this more than to anything else that the plot had worked so well in Carson's hands, and that even Amelia's best friends blamed her, notwithstanding the facts established by the evidence in court. With this much of an explanation I will return.

"I s'pose you've decided many important questions then. I believe women generally play the part of Supreme Court when they get together," said Mr. Allston, mischievously.

Rachel smiled. "I have got to be an advocate of women's rights. Wouldn't there be surprised to hear of thy Mary and her Quaker sister taking the stump?"

"I have been looking for Mary to go over for a long time. She has such control over me that I am always afraid to vote without asking her," said Mr. Allston.

"Humph!" said Mary. Rachel laughed. In the meanwhile the evening that followed, Rachel was accompanied home by the entire Allston family in the double sleigh, behind a pair of bays bedizened with brass bells and bells, which twinkled like so many stars on glad eyes, and dropped their brassy notes in showers, like the twinkling of a waterfall.

Who could talk with reason through such a sleigh-ride?

Acting upon the principle supposed to be involved in this question, I will not report the sayings of Mary and company. But as they were about ready to return, Mr. Allston said:

"I saw Carson to-day. He has a money-making scheme on hand. He seems willing to profit by Amelia's misfortune. But it is well enough I guess."

CHAPTER XII.

MR. CARSON'S COVETOUSNESS.

"An' I s'pose Gideon Carson has good sheenahs in 'im, as usual," Mr. Allston, but while I see as much an' hear so much, I says to mesilf: I gounys, Pat Mavourneen, there's room fire where there's so much smoke in't!"

This was Pat Whelon who spoke, and Mr. Allston laughed good naturedly. Pat was Allston's "third hand," and lived in a little brick cottage on one corner of Mr. Allston's woods pasture.

"O, well, Pat, you must remember that everybody must be talked about. I suspect a great many bad things have been said about me; but I'm sure I'm not such a very bad man," said Mr. Allston.

"Och! yer honor, that's thrue, as Biddy says; but I've lived wi' Carson, an' I know; an' he wurks, Mesthur Allston, harder'n a baste of burden, an' he's afeerd to spend a shtim, f'ar he's covetous."

"But-tut, man! you're fog out with Mr. Carson and can't be anything good in him. I've never seen anything so terrible about him; and Mr. Allston turned on his heel and walked away.

I have introduced this fragment of conversation between Mr. Allston and his man, because Pat's opinion of Gideon Carson was the same as that held by the most of Carson's neighbors, and to show Mr. Allston's view of the matter.

Carson was like a great many men; he said the world owed him more than he was likely ever to get, and he was determined to get all that came within his reach. His plans had been thwarted so often that when a scheme did work to his hand he became more desperate and clutched more wildly after the coveted gold. He was not like all men, but I have seen men who reminded me of Mr. Carson.

When Amelia's gold came into his hand he was not long in finding a place for it; but like most ambitious men he could not stop within the bounds of his money. He saw here, by going a little beyond his present means, he could more than double the revenue, and the next thing was to devise a plan to make up the deficit. Amelia had been a ready instrument in his hands to effect one purpose, why not use her for another?

We will see.

"Amelia, my dear, I've a plan to make some money."

"Well," languidly.

"An' besides, put our family on a respectable footin'. Of course you want your parents to be as respectable as yourself?" insinuatingly.

"Certainly," answered Amelia; "what is your plan?"

"To buy Cedar Cliff."

"*Buy what?*"—with a start.

"Cedar Cliff," said Gideon firmly, a shadow coming over his face.

"Why, father, Silvers asks fifteen thousand for that place!"

"You have ten."

"Yes, but six ain't fifteen."

"Now, said it was."

"I know; but there is not more than twenty acres in the property, and it is all pleasure grounds."

"What of it? Ain't there a waterfall within three hundred yards of the house worth ten thousan' dollars for mill-power?"

"Oh!"

"Don't you see, that fine house and grounds 'll give us influence?"

"Oh!"

"Don't you see, some rich man'll take hold there, and I'll see that he don't make as much as he meant?"—with a sly twinkle of his eyes.

"Oh!" said Amelia.

"Now do you see?"

"Yes, I believe so; but how about the debt?"

"I can fix that. Do you remember Allision?"

"Certainly, but—"

"But what?"

"You don't intend to—"

"Don't intend to what?" smiling the old insidious Carson smile.

"Why, what has Allston done?"

"Done! What has he done? Took sides against my daughter, although profeasin' to be for her! Done! why acted the hypocrite like a dog! Done! why done enough a thousand times to owe me all he's got! Amelia, just such as him is what is trying to hold you down—tryin' to kill all the pleasure of your life by talkin' behind the bush! My child, there's more to look after in this world besides bread and dinner, I say!"

Amelia looked steadily into the fire.

"Child, its no more'n right 'at we'd break up Allston."

The girl looked wonderingly at her father. Gideon smiled.

"Amelier, a body'd think you was as innocent as a lamb, by you horrified look!" and Carson laughed aloud.

"Father, the world has not been to me what I desired and expected," said Amelia, with a quiver in her voice, and tears sparkling in her eyes.

Gideon's heart was touched a little—a very little.

"If you were of the world, the world would love his own; but because you are not of the world, because I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you," again quoted Mr. Carson, and the words though misapplied, in a measure comforted Amelia.

"You will git to feel as I do if you live as long as I have, and see what a hard row you'll have to hoe;" said Gideon. "Allston would willingly do by you what I propose you shall do by him. This thing of life is purty much 'pull Dick, pull devil;' if you don't pull Allston he'll pull you. You're a woman; he's a man; your weapons are subtle; his'n is rough and clumsy; you have rights, an' he ain' the likes of him in usurping 'em. Now's the time to make the rush—do it! an' cry war to the sword, an' sword to the hand!" and Carson's eyes were by this time flashing with excitement, and Amelia's kindled with their fire.

Amelia was a weak girl. Her spirit melted before her father's like frost crystals in the full blaze of a September sun. She was not by nature a bad woman, but she was one of those who followed the motions of a powerful will, as a shadow moves with the moving of the sun. She had adopted her father's plan of buying Cedar Cliff, because, seeing through his eyes it seemed the very thing to do. The next thing was to work on Mr. Allston.

CHAPTER XIII.

JASON SILVERS.

Why Jason Silversveyer expended so much money in beautifying Cedar Cliff nobody ever knew. It was supposed, however, that he looked forward to the day when he would reap a handsome reward for his pains.

It was ridiculous to suppose that old Jason had any poetry in his warped and crusty soul, and many wondered where the idea of so much beauty originated. The secret was this: He had a nephew, a young man of taste who had visited Silvers several years before the time referred to in my story, and talked so much and so long about improving the place, assuring him that the money invested would be amply returned with large interest. The proposition met with favor from old Jason, and forthwith improvement was begun under the supervision of the nephew.

A beautiful cottage was built in the shelter of the overhanging cliff, and within hearing of the never ending song of the rapids. The naturally fine grounds were gracefully laid out, and in a short time Cedar Cliff was one of the most interesting and picturesque places in the country, for which the owner had been offered extravagant sums.

His price was fifteen thousand dollars, and the place with the improvements had only cost about one third of that sum.

Gideon Carson's eye had fallen upon Cedar Cliff, and he resolved he coveted it. He coveted it for the sake of the pretty cottage and the air of grandeur that hung about it, and for the sake of the influence it would add to his name. And for the sake of the fine water power, and the mine of wealth it guarded for him—he coveted it and he must have it.

A few days after the conversation noted in the last chapter, Mr. Carson rode up and alighted at Cedar Cliff. He looked around upon the Silvers' possessions much as he had looked upon those of Mr. Allston a month before, and as he saw the good arrangement he chuckled to himself, "All in a nut shell. The beauty and the grandeur of the place pleased him. But most of all he saw the profit, the lucre that there was in it.

He walked up the broad stone pavement and knocked.

No answer. The front part of the house was not inhabited.

He strode round and knocked again—this time at the kitchen door.

"Come in!" said a shrill female voice.

"Good mornin', Uncle Jason! Auntie, good mornin'!" said Mr. Carson, entering with his most pleasing smile.

"Mornin'," growled Jason, rising from his corner on the hearth to give Carson a chair. His wife simply nodded and continued smoking in the opposite corner.

Gideon made the offered chair and Jason walked behind him to his accustomed corner, and eyeing him meantime much as a cur does a strange dog.

Instead of reminding his host, however, Jason stood in the corner and rested his right hand on the mantle and waited in silence for the early visitor to state his business.

Mr. Carson was in no hurry. He essayed to draw his host into conversation, studying his features meantime.

Mr. Jason Silvers was the sort of man seldom found in stories, but usually to be found in any well-to-do neighborhood in Indiana. He was seventy years old, hungry, and a little crippled. His hair was short, and but slightly grey, while his smooth-shaved, rather fat, and but slightly wrinkled face with little round glistening eyes, seemed to warrant him still another score of years in which to pursue his miserly calling.

He was clad in a suit of black flannel of his wife's own weaving, and stood as much bent as his fat body would admit of. He growled his words out with his lips nearly closed, and at intervals of a half minute discharged a wad of rich black tobacco juice between his teeth, the last drop always lodging on his chin. He laughed sometimes, a sort of jerking growl of a laugh, but this was a mechanical performance and came at stated intervals, no matter what the subject of the conversation. Jason knew no God but one, and that God was money.

His wife was the counterpart of a female vice worn a dark calico cap and a lindsey gown; who smoked and talked in a shrill, cracked voice to her husband and to any of the few visitors who favored them.

This strange couple lived alone in the pretty cottage of Cedar Cliff, occupying a single room, which was without carpet or any comfortable furniture.

In ten minutes Carson, with his lively chat and general good humor had induced old Jason to sit down; and in five minutes more silvers was growling and spitting, and jerking out an occasional laugh with as much unreserve as though he and Gideon were warm friends; and old Auntie now and then put in a squeak by way of varying the discord.

"Uncle Jason," said Gideon, after half an hour's talk, "I s'pose it's natural for a man to look after number one."

"I s'pose so," growled Jason. "I s'pose," squeaked old Auntie, "at ef Jason hadn't a looked out for himself, nobody 'ud a done it for him."

"Jes so," chuckled Jason.

"I always like to take care o' myself, I know," said Carson, with a knowing wink at Auntie.

"Jes so," grunted Jason.

"I have a little trade in view," continued Mr. Carson, an' it interests you quite as much as it does me. You have a little confused as he saw a shadow flit across Jason's face. "You see my daughter has come into a right smart sum o' money lately—about ten thousand, and Jason (heightened a little) and she wants to spend it powerful bad," with a sly chuckle at Auntie. "She's took a mighty notion to this property."

"Offered twelve thousand," said Jason with a squirt.

"But hol' on, an' I'll tell you how to git twenty," said Gideon, lowering his voice to a confidential pitch. Jason's little eyes twinkled.

"But, mind ye, it ain't to be got in one day, nor six. Things must be done on the sly a little," with another wink at Jason's wife. The old woman nodded and puffed away in silence.

"Allston's got a mighty purty half section over by the burn," said Carson, leaning over and resting his elbows on his knees.

Jason moved uneasily in his chair.

"I think you can git a mortgage on that for the other five thousand. I'll tell you what it is, Jason Silvers, I'd give ten thousan' ef I had it, for the mortgage—ef you git the mortgage you're got the land, sure's shootin'."

Jason's eyes twinkled as he growled out a long chuckle, and Carson knew his game was safe so far as Silvers was concerned and he leaned back in his chair and smiled the whole breadth of his face.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

ECONOMICAL VEAL SOUP.—Boil a pieced veal, suitable for a fricassee, pie or hash when tender, take the meat and slip out all the bones; put the meat into the kettle and boil for two hours. Then strain the liquor and let it stand until the next day. When wanted, take off the fat, put the soup into a good pot, add pepper and salt to taste, a half teacupful of rice, a tablespoonful of flour mixed in cold water, and slices of potatoes and finely minced onion, and boil half an hour.

BEEF STEWED WITH ONIONS.—Cut two pounds of tender beef into small pieces, and season with pepper and salt; slice one or two onions and add to it, with water enough in the stewpan to make a gravy. Let it stew slowly till the beef is thoroughly cooked, then add some pieces of butter rolled in flour enough to make a rich gravy. Cold beef may be cooned in the same way, but the onions must then be cooked before adding them to the meat. Add more water if it drawns too fast, but boil it be boiling when poured in.

BEEF A LA MODE.—Take a piece of meat (rump rib is best, put a slice of bacon or some lard in the bottom of the pot; then the meat, and fill up with water until the meat is covered, then take two onions, some pepper and salt, cloves, and a bay leaf, and cover the pot of brown bread, salted some vinegar, throw some of the bread over the meat when it is stewed, fill up with more hot water, if it boils away, and let it boil three hours, then have a tablespoonful of flour, and a piece of butter the size of an egg, mixed with the gravy, and let it boil up once more with the meat, then put the beef in a deep dish and strain the gravy over it, and serve with apple sauce, stewed with fried potatoes and red cabbage.

ECONOMY IN FUEL.—Pea coal, which is the second quality of stove coal, is an excellent regulator of heat, and will give a good and lasting in the coal hill. It is often thrown away as refuse, but for all purposes it can generally be had at half the price of furnace coal or less. It is also unique as a fuel as can of larger size, and if the combustion is properly regulated will go as far in point of heat as the best coal. The secret of there is a reduction of one-half in the cost of fuel by the special use of pea coal, is that the combustion of the coarser fuel is modified and rendered more perfect when a low degree of temperature is obtainable for steeping meat. Undoubtedly a furnace may be visited, but ordinarily a fire of pea coal is sufficient to warmth in the rooms above. Beginning with shaken down, fresh coal is added and a thin layer of pea coal is put on the top. This is repeated at midday, and at supper time in the evening, on retiring for the night. Before the pea coal is added to the fire, it is to check the combustion for the night. In the morning, when the fire is to be kindled, the box is completely filled, and there is a good supply of fuel for the day. Much depends on the coal is used according to the temperature of the weather.

POTATO HINTS.—If you intend to boil or steam a pudding, always have the water boiling before you put in the pudding. Do not let it stop boiling for a moment after the pudding is coming. Puddings are heated in a quicker time than they are cooked, and if not boiled lightly and the moment to be watched before the pudding goes in, there is a pud- ding which should be made of thick, well mixed materials and always before using it, wash it out in clean water and flour it well before putting in the pudding, allowing room for the pudding to swell. Puddings are lighter and better steamed than boiled. Have the steamer hot before putting in the pudding. The syringes and strainers should be easily

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S
ITALIAN MEDICATED SOAP.

This admirable emollient is now, by common consent, ruled A No. 1 as a remedy for BLOTCHES, PIMPLES, PUSTULES, SCURF, TAN, FRECKLES, SUNBURN, MOTH PATCHES, all kinds of eruptions, and every species of discoloration of the skin. All competition has been completely distanced by this invaluable cosmetic, and the demand for which, within the last few years, has increased more than five hundred per cent, and is still increasing. The clearness and freshness which its use imparts to the complexion, have rendered it proverbial as a beautifier of the skin, and no dressing room can be considered furnished with the delicate toilet that lacks GOURAUD'S ITALIAN MEDICATED SOAP. It is also a delicious shaving compound, and can be used in salt water, and is a sovereign and instantaneous remedy for the bites of insects. It touches not as is asserted, only skin deep. It is the inner important that the skin covering is with the invetinous residue, should be kept in its present and most attractive state. Dr. T. Felix Gouraud is now supplying the merits of his Italian Medicated Soap, but he thinks that the extraordinary number of certificates which have been published throughout the Union, at the cost of several thousand dollars to the Doctor, from eminent Physicians, Clergymen, Members of Congress, Captains of ships, Officers of the Army, and a host of Distinguished Ladies, the original of which can always be seen, if required, are, the Doctor thinks, sufficient to convince any one not wilfully blind. If there be any such, the Doctor might apply to them the language of Scripture, and say, "If ye believe not Moses and the prophets, neither would ye believe though one rose from the dead."

This Soap is well known to the old residents of New Orleans. It, like DR. GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, or MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER, is not the creature of advertising notoriety; it is recommended from one customer to another, from its merits alone.

Directions for Use. For Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Worms in the Skin, Sores, Chafes, Unnatural Redness of the Nose, Scurvy, Barber's Itch, Chafed Thighs, etc. The Soap must be made into a thick lather, and well rubbed in several times a day. For Pimples, Roughness, Mosquito Bites or venomous stings, the Soap should be used three or four times a day. In severe cases make a plaster and apply, provided it does not produce a smarting sensation.

This wonderful soap is moreover the most glorious compound for shaving ever invented, and can be used with either hard or soft water, and no seaman should go to sea without a supply. For sale within the reach of all, only **50 cents** a cake.

Certificates:

The following from among a host of similar Testimonials of the most extraordinary virtues of GOURAUD'S ITALIAN MEDICATED SOAP, are selected for their brevity:

Cure of Salt Rheum Dr. Gouraud—Dear Sir: I was for several weeks sorely afflicted with Salt Rheum on my hands and fingers. Your Medicated Soap was recommended to me. I bought a cake, wetted it and rubbed it on my hands several times a day, and before the cake was used up, my hands were free from any disfigurement, and the cuticle all smooth and white. I had tried several remedies previously. You are welcome to print this testimonial to the merits of your Soap. Yours respectfully, Henry Barton, 8 Nassau street.

Cure of Freckles—My face was completely covered with freckles. One cake of your Soap cured them entirely. I will continue to use it, and am never troubled with freckles, although my face is much from the vicissitudes. To Dr. Gouraud, 49 Walker street.

Hear Nathaniel P. Willis, Esq.

Love Philtres, etc. The deepest man we know of in the chemistry of the secrets of the "Middle Ages," (received for our sins and sage) people) is Dr. GOURAUD, of Walker street, one door from Broadway, and etc. This amiable doctor remedies all diseases of complexion, and puts to flight all calamities of the surface, and all eruptions and sonagre sores in the blood. GOURAUD, the beautifier, the doctor, the man-the mind of your self: for, should be his designation.

Mr. Warland, the Editor of the Lowell Courier, pays the following tribute to

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Mr. Crampton, the proprietor of the Golden Rule, says, whilst his use was in the country, he was terribly bored. Gouraud's Italian Medicated Soap instantly cured him.

Major General Sandford, Judge W. Dodge, Richard Grand White, Captain Riddell, Frank Queen, Col. Du Solle, and a host of others purchase by the cake, and are unanimous to speak of Gouraud's Italian Medicated Soap in the highest terms.

Dr. T. Felix Gouraud's Poudres Subtiles, a Surprisingly Efficacious Depilatory for Uprooting Human Hair.

I have had an opportunity of observing the operations of Dr. T. Felix Gouraud's preparation for the removal of superfluous hair, and am pleased to say, I noticed in its peculiar efficacy. After an annoyance of the compendious depilatories I can, without any hesitation, pronounce this to be perfectly innocuous, in every way is infinitely superior to any preparation of the kind ever submitted to my notice. I have much pleasure in giving them my recommendation—being thus fully convinced of their value.

James A. Houston, M. D., Editor N. Y. Lancet.

To Dr. T. Felix Gouraud, Sir: You will remember that when I was in court my hair fell out. I called at your establishment and applied for remedy you concerning the best means of restoring it. You recommended your Poudres Subtiles. I accordingly sent a messenger to my barber's store, and from which a servant was duly sent to bring a supply of the Poudres Subtiles. In a few days I had a fine growth of hair, which has continued to grow luxuriantly ever since. I have also used your Medicated Soap, and find it the best article for the toilet I have ever used. Yours truly, Jacob Worth.

Sold by all Druggists throughout the United States, Canada and Europe, and by the Depot, 49 Walker street, New York.

Beware of base imitations. Ask for GOURAUD'S.

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This preparation has acquired a reputation the past thirty years among the FASHIONABLE LADIES of the United States, as the most harmless, delightful and reliable article for the toilet ever discovered. Its balmy and purely vegetable properties are such that it can be applied to the most delicate infant without the slightest possible injury, while its effects upon the skin are truly marvellous. It instantly removes Tan, Freckles, Pimples, Redness, Roughness, Chaps and Blotches, leaving the skin clear, pure and beautiful. It has stood the test of forty years, during which time many attempts have been made to imitate it, but without success. Ladies should be careful to avoid the many pernicious preparations now offered to the public, as they are composed of ingredients highly injurious to the skin. Ask for GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, or MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER. Price $1.50 per bottle. Sold by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the United States, Canada and Europe.

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Saturday Evening, March 3, 1877

THE LITTLE BLUE MAN.

We cannot forbear calling especial attention to the unique portraiture of this terrible little fellow, as it is given in this week's instalment of Daudet's novel, Sidonie. He will be readily recognized as an old acquaintance by thousands, so life-like is the picture presented by the artist.

We confess to utter astonishment that so striking an impersonation, which is so ingeniously used by the author to inspirit a whole chapter of his work, should have been utterly ignored and excluded from what purports to be a translation of the book. We refer to the Boston translation, which was noticed at considerable length in these columns last week.

We refer again to the subject especially because the publishers of the book, in an advertisement, endeavor to break the force of the unfavorable criticisms of their work which have appeared in several Philadelphia papers, by quoting the favorable notices which have appeared in New York and Boston papers. It appears evident to any one who has examined the case, that the writers of those notices could not have compared the work with the original, or the glaring and shameless omissions we have noticed could not have escaped attention. It is only another illustration of the general unreliability of "book notices," which in many papers are either carelessly written, or carefully worded with a view of keeping on good terms with advertisers.

LIFE INSURANCE NOT A FAILURE.

The recent disastrous failures among life insurance companies have very naturally awakened wide-spread distrust, the results of which will doubtless show themselves in more rigid scrutiny into the affairs of remaining institutions, and the speedy winding up of such as cannot stand the test. Thus, while many individuals must suffer loss from misplaced confidence, betrayed by those to whom they have entrusted interests of peculiar sacredness, provision for loved ones, or for their own declining years, the community will in the end be the gainer by the weeding out of corrupt or inadequate concerns.

These events will for a time throw discredit upon the whole business of life insurance, and lead many to suppose that it is founded upon an insecure basis if not on actual fraud. But the truth is, no financial institution has greater certainty for its foundation. To be sure, very unstable altrics have been erected on the "bottom facts," and modern inventions, if not improvements, have brought the converts and those who trusted in them to grief. Nevertheless the immutable facts are there, and it is not only possible to build safely upon them, but there are companies of many years standing which stand more strongly each year, and which will continue to deserve entire confidence if their affairs are conducted as honestly and prudently as they have hitherto been.

It is an ascertained fact which cannot be disproved, that while the life of an individual is most uncertain, yet of a large number of individuals of the same age, a certain number will die each year, until all have passed away. Statistics, which have been most carefully gathered for many years, based upon the lives of 100,000 persons, show with unerring certainty what provision must be made; that is, what premium must be paid yearly by each person, to enable the company to return a given amount to every individual after a certain number of years, or to his heirs in case of his death.

This basis is indisputably sound. It is easy to ascertain what must be added for running expenses, and to make proper allowance for interest on the deposits accumulated. The element of weakness, aside from the dishonesty of managers is, that not a sufficient number may take insurance in a company to guarantee its permanence; for within a certain known limit or number of lives, certain insurance at any feasible rates is impossible.

This point, however, has long been passed by many of the older companies, and despite the disfavor that the very name of life insurance will meet perhaps for years, the fact remains that there is no better way yet discovered by which to provide against the contingencies of the future, while one yet has a small present surplus of means.

THAT CHIMNEY.

"Up chimney" is a very common form of expression among young and inexperienced people. But a long experience and a growing old rapidly under it, have reversed the figure, and we emphatically say "down chimney," as a figure of speech, as the record of that long sad experience, and as the heartfelt expression of a long accumulating wish.

Others have suffered as well, but few have lifted their voices to communicate and thus mitigate their woes. Is it because of some free masonry mystery that requires to suffer long, but suffers not to speak? That there is a cloud of mystery about the matter, who can doubt? Look at the facts, transcending the laws of nature and the just expectations founded thereon.

There it stands, that chimney, pointing heavenward, saying as plainly as uprightness can speak, "This is the way, walk in it." At the bottom of that chimney the most stirring motives—fire and poker—at forty-five degrees, glorified existence in immensity, waiting for the coming of the disembodied spirits escaping from the gross earthiness below, through the straight and narrow way plainly set up.

Now then, by all the laws of nature, by all sound theology, by all proper considerations, the smoke ought to go up that chimney, and out into the free air; but it don't, save just exceptionally enough to prove the rule that smoke naturally goes upward. No, with a supercilious curl of scorn it deliberately draws backward, and with spreading content diffuses itself in the apartments below, making the most of its opportunities. Tears of entreaty avail not, stifled curses are vain. Ejectment from doors or windows it accepts placidly, lingering long and departing with studious deliberation.

But there are sudden changes: times when the most zealous repentance is manifest, and the duty of years is crowded into hours. Fast and furious the smoke rushes blindly upward; scarce can it wait for the transformation from grossness to etherialization. Then there is a note of joy from the capacious throat of that chimney; sooty angels seem to be shouting high screams of delight, and triumphant banners wave from the top of the battlements. The glow of enthusiasm is felt below; contributions unstinted flow in to keep up the glorious work; the stolid oven catches the new fire, and things are speedily done up brown—alas! too brown.

Evidently the maker of that chimney builded better than he knew. He must have wrought much of his own human nature into the fabric; for nothing but human nature could manifest such contrarities, such backwardness, such ill-adjusted forwardness, such surprises, failures and accomplishments.

SOME FRUITS OF THE EXHIBITION.

Some of the fruits of the Centennial Exhibition are ripening fast. New lines of business are opening by which American manufactures will be largely extended, as witness the recent shipment of large consignments of assorted wares from this port to Italy and the increasing demand in Europe and South America for fabrics and implements the excellence of which was most fully made known to foreigners by the display witnessed here last year. We are prepared to dispute the supremacy of Sheffield and Birmingham with our cutlery, tools and general iron ware; the markets of India are being supplied with our cotton goods.

Perhaps one of the most remarkable triumphs is seen in the consternation which has been felt in Switzerland at our progress in watchmaking. As is well known, that country held almost the monopoly of the business for a long period. It was the main industry of the country, and whole cantons depended upon it for their livelihood. A careful study of our methods showed the leading manufacturers there, that American watches were greatly superior and could be made vastly cheaper than those turned out by the hand-work of their most skillful artisans. But one thing remains for them to do if they would not entirely relinquish the business, that is, combine and employ American methods. This they are already preparing to do; capital has already been secured for a large establishment at Neufchatel, and labor being cheaper there than here, they can again successfully compete with us on our own grounds.

These are only a few illustrations of what will continue to go on for years. The ultimate effect of such movements is to bring all countries into nearer relations with each other by placing them nearer on a par in economical affairs, and thus the universal brotherhood of the race is step by step advancing toward full recognition, and the days are drawing nearer when national jealousies and strifes shall cease.

SHE was in the hardware store and enquired of the clerk if he had any large sheets of sand paper. Clerk—"We have the ordinary sized sheet. How large did you want it?" "I want one about as large as the side of a house." "May I inquire for what purpose?" "Yes: I want it for the servants to scrape matches on." "Ah, yes! I see!"

A REMITTANCE of greenbacks from Kansas just received bears sad evidence of ravages of the grasshoppers; nearly every leaf is badly chewed.

THE master key that opens prisons—Whiskey; it only turns one way though.

A TOUCHING SIGHT—At the end of a blind man's fingers.

ONE-SIDED BARGAINS—At the gin shop.

THE HAPPY LAND

BY CHARLES S. LARNED.

There is a land where fountains play
Their music to the sky,
Where birds of rarest plumage sing
The sweetest melody;
Its paths are laid through flowered ways,
And groves of stately trees,
Whose emerald borders round the shores
Of pine-and tropic seas.
Its sun and moon are ever bright,
Forever cloudless they
Save where a little cloudlet gives
Its coolness to the day.
And this fair land is very near,
'Tis not a fairy world.
Its beauties are e'er free to all
Who find the price of gold.
A happy heart is all we need
To own its lovely whole.
For if the mind is pure and full, then
The world is beautiful!

THE FATAL MARRIAGE.

A LEGEND OF SCOTLAND.

BY CARMEW.

CHAPTER I.

THE PRISONER.

In one of those frequent incursions which the Scottish Borderers used to make into the sister territory, it was the misfortune of Sir Thomas Corbalis, a gallant and distinguished warrior, to be taken prisoner by James Mac Donald, who, to a naturally proud and vindictive temper, added a bitter and irreconcilable hatred to that branch of the house of Corbalis to which the captive belonged. Instead of treating the brave and noble youth with that courtesy which the law of arms and the manners of the times authorized, he loaded his limbs with fetters, and threw him into one of the deepest dungeons of his baronial castle of Boually.

Earl MacDonald, his father, was then at the English court in attendance on his sovereign—so that he had none to gainsay his authority, but yielded, without hesitation or restraint, to every impulse of his passions. To what length the savage cruelty of his temper might have led him in practising against the life of his youthful prisoner, is not known, for he was also summoned to London to assist in the stormy councils of that distracted period.

Meanwhile, Corbalis lay on the floor of his dungeon, loaded with fetters, and expecting every hour to be led out to die. No murmur escaped his lips. He waited patiently for the fatal message to arrive, only regretting that it had not pleased heaven to suffer him to die sword in hand like his brave ancestors.

"Yes," he exclaimed, as he raised his stately and warlike form from the ground, and clashing his fettered hands together, whilst his dark eye shot fire, "yes! let the false, tyrannical MacDonald come with all his ruffian band; let them give me my death by sword or by cord, my cheek shall not blanch, nor my look quail before them. As a Corbalis I have lived, as a Corbalis I shall die!"

But the expected summons came not. Day after day passed on in sullen monotony, more trying to a brave mind than even the prospect of suffering. No sound broke in on the silence around him but the daily visit of a veteran man-at-arms, who brought him his scanty meal. No entreaties could induce this man to speak, so that the unfortunate prisoner could only guess at his probable fate. Sometimes despondency, in spite of his better reason, would steal over his mind.

"Shall I never again see my noble, my widowed mother? my innocent, playful sister? Never again wander through the green woods of Kilmarnock, or hunt the deer on the lordly demain? Shall my sight never be greeted again by the green earth or the cheerful sun? Will these hateful walls enclose me till damp and famine do their work, and my withered limbs be left in this chartel-house a monument of the cruelty and unceasing hatred of MacDonald?"

Seven long weeks had rolled tediously along, when the prisoner was surprised by his allowance being brought by a stranger in the dress of a Cumbrian peasant. Eagerly, rapidly he questioned the man respecting MacDonald's intentions, and why he had been so long left without being allowed to name a ransom.

The peasant told him of MacDonald's absence, and of the secret wars then in a general invasion of Scotland, all the men at-arms had been marched away that morning to join their companions, except the warder to whom he had been ordered to bring food to the prisoners. Joy now thrilled through the heart and frame of the youthful warrior, but he had still enough of caution left to make further inquiries, but allow his new jailer to depart without exciting his suspicion too early.

It is well known to those who are conversant with the language of that period, that however bitter the animosities of the two nations were while engaged in actual warfare, yet in times of peace, or even of truce, the common level on friendly terms and carried on even a sort of trade in cattle. All this was known to Sir Thomas, who hoped, through the means of his new attendant, to open a communication with his retainers, if he could not engage him to let him free, and become a follower of the Corbalis, whose name was alike dreaded in both nations. Both further inquiries, which he had control were even then working for him, and his deliverance was to come from a quarter he thought not of.

At the close of this century, the ladies of rank had few amusements when compared to those of more modern times. Books, even if they could have been procured, would only have been read to be talked or understood, from the very limited education which, in those days, was allowed to females. Guarded in their inaccessible towers, or castles, their only amusement was listening to the tales of pilgrims, or the songs of the wandering minstrels, both of whom were always made welcome to the halls of the lord, and to whose strains, like those of the heralds, were deemed sacred, even among contending parties.

To be present at a tournament was considered as the first of high importance, and looked forward to with the highest expectation, and afterwards formed an era in their lives. When such amusements were had to be had, a walk in the ramparts, attended by their trusty maid, was the next resource against the tedium of time. It was during such a walk as this that Katherine, only daughter of Earl MacDonald, addressed her attendant as follows:

"Do you think it possible, Elizabeth, that the prisoner whom my brother is so solicitous to conceal can be that noble Corbalis of whom we have heard so much, and about whom Carroll, the old blind minstrel, sung such gallant verses?"

"Indeed, my sweet lady," replied her attendant, "the prisoner in yonder dungeon is certainly of the house of Cobalis, and, as I think, that very Sir Thomas of whom we have heard so much."

"How knowest thou that?" inquired her lady, eagerly.

"I had always my own thought of it," whispered Elizabeth, cautiously and drawing nearer to her lady, "but since Roderick Clancy succeeded grim old Breneman as his keeper, I am almost certain of it; he knows every Corbalis of them, and from his account, though the dungeon was dark, he believed it was Sir Thomas, who performed such prodigies of valor at the taking of Alnwick."

"May heaven then preserve and succor him!" sighed the Lady Katherine, as she clasped her hands together.

Katherine MacDonald, the only daughter of the most powerful and warlike of the northern earls, was dazzlingly fair, and her very beautiful features were only relieved from the charge of insipidity on the first look, by the lustre of her dark blue eyes, which were shaded by long and beautiful eyelashes; her stature was scarcely above the middle size, and so finely proportioned that the eye of the beholder never tired gazing on it. She was only seventeen, and had not been allowed to grace a tournament, her ambitious father having determined to seclude his northern flower till he could dazzle the court of England with her charms, and secure for her such an advantageous settlement as would increase his own power and resources. Thus had Katherine grown up the very child of nature and tenderness.

Shut out from society of every kind, her imagination had run riot, and her most pleasing hours, when not occupied by devotional duties, were spent in musing over the romantic legends, which she either heard from minstrels or those adventurers who oft-times found a home in the castle of a powerful chief, and which were circulated among the domestics till they reached the ear of their youthful lady. These feelings had been unrestrained by the maternal or spiritual director, Father Augustine, who, of noble birth himself, had once been a soldier, and delighted in the long winter evenings to recount the prowess of his youth; and, in the tales of other years, often and often was the noble name of Corbalis introduced and dwelt upon with enthusiastic rapture, as he narrated the chief's bravery in the Holy Land.

In short, every circumstance combined to feed and excite the feverish, exalted imagination of this artless child. Had her mother lived, the sensibilities of her nature had been cherished and refined, and taught to keep within the bounds of their proper channel. As it was, they were allowed to run riot, and almost led her to overstep the limits of that retiring modesty which is so beautiful in the sex.

No sooner, then, had she learned that Corbalis was the captive of her haughty brother, and perhaps doomed to a lingering or ignominious death, than she resolved to attempt his escape, let the consequence be what they would. A wild tumultuous feeling took possession of her mind as she came to this resolution—what would the liberated object say to her, or how look his thanks? And oh, if he [illegible] proved to be the hero of her day-dreams, how blessed would she be to have had it in her power to be his guardian angel! The tear of delight trembled in her eyes as she turned from the battlied of the castle, and sought the solitude of her chamber.

It was midnight—the last stroke of the deep-toned castle's bell had been answered by the echoes of the neighboring hills, when two shrouded figures stood by the couch of the prisoner. The glare of a small lantern, carried by one of them awoke Sir Thomas. He sprang to his feet as lightly as if the heavy fetters he was loaded with had been of silk, and in a stern voice told them he was ready.

"Be silent, and follow us," was the reply of one of the muffled visitors.

He bowed in silence, and prepared to leave his dungeon; not an easy undertaking when it is remembered he was so heavily ironed; but the care and ingenuity of his conductors obviated as much as possible even this difficulty; one came on each side, and prevented as much as possible the fetters from clashing on each other.

In this manner they hurried him on through a long subterranean passage, then crossed some courts which seemed overgrown with weeds, and then entered a chapel, where Corbalis could perceive a noble tomb surrounded by the statues of knights.

"You must allow yourself to be blindfolded," said one of them in a sweet, musical, but suppressed voice; he did so, and no sooner was the bandage made fast, than he heard the snap as of a spring, and was immediately led forward.

In a few minutes more he felt he had left the rough stones of the church, and its chill, sepulchral air, for a matted floor and a warmer atmosphere; the bandage dropped from his eyes, and he found himself in a small square room, comfortably furnished, with a fire blazing in the chimney; a second look convinced him he was in the private chamber of an ecclesiastic, and that he was alone.

CHAPTER II.

THE MARRIAGE.

It need not be told the sagacious reader, that this escape was the work of Lady Katherine, aided by Father Augustine and Roderick Clancy, who was her foster-brother, and thereby bound to serve her almost at the risk of his life—so very strong were such ties then considered. No sooner did Corbalis learn from the venerable ecclesiastic to whom he owed his life and liberty, than he pleaded for an interview with all the warmth of gratitude which such a boon must inspire.

Recruited by a night of comfortable repose, and refreshed by wholesome food, our youthful warrior looked more like those of his name than when stretched on the floor of his dungeon.

It was the evening of the second day after his liberation, while Corbalis was listening to his kind and valuable host, and preparing the daring deeds by which his ancestor, the good Lord William, had been distinguished, when the door opened, and Lady Katherine and her attendant entered.

Instantly sinking on one knee, Sir Thomas poured forth his thanks in language so courtly, so very refined, yet so earnest and heartfelt, that Lady Katherine was for a time tumultuously, and her eyes became suffused with tears.

"Suffer me," continued Corbalis, "to behold the features of her who has indeed been a guardian angel to the descendant of that house who never forgave an injury, nor ever, while breath animates them, forgot a favor."

Lady Katherine slowly raised her veil, and the eyes of the youthful pair met, and dwelt on each other with mutual admiration. Again the knight knelt, and pressing her hand to his lips, vowed that he would ever prove himself her faithful and devoted champion.

The conversation then took a less agitating turn, and in another hour, Lady Katherine took her leave of the good father and his youthful companion, in whose favor she could not conceal that she was already inspired with the most fervent feelings. Nor did she chide Elizabeth, who, whilst she braided the beautiful locks of her mistress, expatiated on the fine form and manly features of Corbalis, and rejoiced in his escape.

It was now time for Sir Thomas to make some inquiries of Father Augustine about the state of the country, and if the Scots had beaten back their assailants in the attack made upon them, and learned, to his pleasure and surprise, that the enemy were then too much divided among themselves to think of making reprisals, the whole force of the Kingdom being then gathered together to decide the claims of York and Lancaster to the crown of England; that Earl MacDonald and his son, adherents of the Queen, were then lying at York with their retainers ready to close in battle with the adverse party.

It might be supposed that this intelligence would inspire the captive with the wish to complete his escape, and return to Scotland. But no! A secret influence, a sort of charm, bound him to the spot; he was fascinated; he had no power to fly, even if the massive gates of the castle had unfolded themselves before him.

Revel up in the grange, Corbalis was unused to the small sweet courtesies of life; his hours, when in his paternal towers of Kilmarnock, were chiefly spent in the rhubs or in warlike exercises with his brothers, and the vassals of their house. His mother, a lady of noble birth, descended from the bold Campbell, encouraged such feelings, and those only, as were safe in her castle and retinue which bettted her high rank. His sister Marion was a mere child, whom he used to fondle and caress in his moments of relaxation.

But now a new world burst upon his astonished senses. He had seen a young, a beautiful lady, to whom he owed life and liberty; who, unsought, had generously come forward to his relief. Of the female character he knew nothing; if he did think of them, it was either invested with the matronly air of his mother, or the playful fondness of his sister. His emotions were new and delightful, and he longed to tell his fair deliverer all he felt; and—I should tell her, and she listened.

But why prolong the story? Interview succeeded interview; till even Father Augustine became aware of their growing attachment. Alas! the good priest saw his error too late; and although, even then, he attempted to reason with both on the consequences of their passion, yet his arguments made no impression.

"You will turn war into peace," whispered Katherine, as she listened to her spiritual director, "by healing the feud between the families."

"And you will, by uniting us," boldly exclaimed the youthful lover, "give to the MacDonalds a friend who will never fail in council or in field."

Overcome by this and similar arguments, the tender-hearted Augustine at last consented to join their hands.

At the solemn hour of midnight, when the menials and retainers were bound in sleep, the agitated yet happy group stood by the altar of the castle chapel. There might be seen the noble form of Corbalis with a rich mantle wrapped round him, and the fair and beautiful figure of his bride, as she blushingly left the arm of her attendant to bestow her hand where her heart was already given.

The light of the sacred tapers fell full upon the reverend form of Father Augustine, and the chapel reverberated the solemn words he uttered, as he bade heaven bless their union. The athletic figure of Roderick Clancy was seen near the door, to guard against surprise.

Nothing occurred for some time to mar the harmony and peace of the married lovers. At length their tranquility was broken by the accounts of the fatal and bloody battle of Towton, which gave a death-blow to the interests of the Lancastrians.

This news spread consternation among the small party at Boually. The question was, whether to remain, and boldly confront the MacDonalds, or fly towards Scotland and endeavor to reach Kilmarnock; but the distracted state of the country forbade the plan; and the arrival of some fugitives from the field of battle having brought the intelligence that both Earl MacDonald and his son were unwounded, and had fled to France, determined the party to remain where they were.

This, however, they soon repented of, when they understood that a large body of Yorkists were in full march northward to demolish all the castles held by the insurgent nobleman. This hunted-hare roused the warlike spirit of Corbalis. He boldly showed himself to the soldiers, and swore to defend the castle to the last, or be buried in its ruins, if they would stand by him.

But the men-at-arms, either unwilling to fight under a stranger, or panic-stricken at their late defeat, coldly met this proposal; and while Father Augustine and Corbalis were examining the outward works, they made their escape by a postern, leaving only two or three infirm old men, besides the menials, to resist the conquering army. Sir Thomas astounded by the cowardly behavior of the men, still continued his preparations, and inspired such courage into the hearts of his little garrison that they vowed to stand by him to the last. But these preparations were made in vain. Edward, either allured by the prospect of greater booty in some richer castle, or afraid of harassing his troops, turned aside into the middle counties, and left the bold-hearted Corbalis to the enjoyment of his wife's society.

Months of unalloyed felicity were theirs; and while England was torn by civil dissensions—when the father pursued the son, and the son the father, and the most sacred of ties were rent asunder at the shrine of party, and while the unburied dead gave the fields of merry England the appearance of a charnel-house—all was peace, joy and love within the walls of Boually. Seated in the lofty halls of her fathers, Lady Katherine appeared the personification of content; hers was indeed to his kind and valiant lord, and had learned to hope for even in her wildest day-dreams.

It was indeed a lovely sight to behold her leaning on the arm of her noble husband, listening to his tales of well-fought fields, her eye now sparkling with hope, and her cheek now blanched with terror, as they paced in the twilight the ample battlements of the castle, it was like the ivy clinging and clasping round the stately oak. If at such moments Corbalis wearied of the monotony of existence, and half wished he was once more in the front of battle, he had only to look in the soft blue eye of his Katherine, press her to his heart, and everything else was forgotten.

CHAPTER III.

THE FLIGHT.

Summer had passed away and the fields were the golden livery of autumn. It was on a beautiful evening when Corbalis, Lady Katherine, and Father Augustine were enjoying the evening breeze, when Roderick Clancy rushed before them, his face pale and his trembling accents proclaiming his terror.

"Fly, my lord," he cried, "for you are betrayed; the Earl is come, at the head of a band of mercernaries, and vows to have your head stuck upon the battlements before to-morrow's sunrise!"

"I will not fly," said Corbalis; "boldly will I confront the Earl, and claim my wife."

"My father is good, is kind; he will yield to the prayers and tears of his Katherine," exclaimed the young bride.

"Alas! alas! my dearest and honored lady," rejoined her foster-brother, "your father is no more, and 'tis your brother who now seeks the life of Corbalis!"

The first part of the sentence was only heard by Lady Katherine, who fell senseless into the arms of her husband, and was immediately conveyed to her chamber by her ever ready attendant, Elizabeth.

A hasty council was then held between Father Augustine and Corbalis.

"You had better take the advice of that faithful fellow, and give way. You know," continued the friar, "the dreadful temper and baleful passion of James MacDonald. Not only your own life, but that of your wife, may fall a sacrifice to his fury were he to find you. I am well aware that he has long considered his sister as an incumbrance on his succession, and will either cause her to be shut up in a convent, or secretly destroyed."

Corbalis shuddered at the picture, and asked the holy father what he should do.

"Retreat in your own chamber in the first instance; it were madness and worse to attempt to exclude Earl MacDonald from his castle, even if we had sufficient strength within, which you have not. You have in her castle and retinue which befitted her high rank. His sister Marion was a mere child, whom he used to fondle and caress in his moments of relaxation.

But now a new world burst upon his astonished senses. He had seen a young, a beautiful lady, to whom he owed life and liberty; who, unsought, had generously come forward to his relief. Of the female character he knew nothing; if he did think of them, it was either invested with the matronly air of his mother, or the playful fondness of his sister. His emotions were new and delightful, and he longed to tell his fair deliverer all he felt; and—I should tell her, and she listened.

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But the men-at-arms, either unwilling to fight under a stranger, or panic-stricken at their late defeat, coldly met this proposal; and while Father Augustine and Corbalis were examining the outward works, they made their escape by a postern, leaving only two or three infirm old men, besides the menials, to resist the conquering army. Sir Thomas astounded by the cowardly behavior of the men, still continued his preparations, and inspired such courage into the hearts of his little garrison that they vowed to stand by him to the last. But these preparations were made in vain. Edward, either allured by the prospect of greater booty in some richer castle, or afraid of harassing his troops, turned aside into the middle counties, and left the bold-hearted Corbalis to the enjoyment of his wife's society.

Months of unalloyed felicity were theirs; and while England was torn by civil dissensions—when the father pursued the son, and the son the father, and the most sacred of ties were rent asunder at the shrine of party, and while the unburied dead gave the fields of merry England the appearance of a charnel-house—all was peace, joy and love within the walls of Boually. Seated in the lofty halls of her fathers, Lady Katherine appeared the personification of content; hers was indeed to his kind and valiant lord, and had learned to hope for even in her wildest day-dreams.

It was indeed a lovely sight to behold her leaning on the arm of her noble husband, listening to his tales of well-fought fields, her eye now sparkling with hope, and her cheek now blanched with terror, as they paced in the twilight the ample battlements of the castle, it was like the ivy clinging and clasping round the stately oak. If at such moments Corbalis wearied of the monotony of existence, and half wished he was once more in the front of battle, he had only to look in the soft blue eye of his Katherine, press her to his heart, and everything else was forgotten.

CHAPTER III.

THE FLIGHT.

Summer had passed away and the fields were the golden livery of autumn. It was on a beautiful evening when Corbalis, Lady Katherine, and Father Augustine were enjoying the evening breeze, when Roderick Clancy rushed before them, his face pale and his trembling accents proclaiming his terror.

"Fly, my lord," he cried, "for you are betrayed; the Earl is come, at the head of a band of mercernaries, and vows to have your head stuck upon the battlements before to-morrow's sunrise!"

"I will not fly," said Corbalis; "boldly will I confront the Earl, and claim my wife."

"My father is good, is kind; he will yield to the prayers and tears of his Katherine," exclaimed the young bride.

"Alas! alas! my dearest and honored lady," rejoined her foster-brother, "your father is no more, and 'tis your brother who now seeks the life of Corbalis!"

The first part of the sentence was only heard by Lady Katherine, who fell senseless into the arms of her husband, and was immediately conveyed to her chamber by her ever ready attendant, Elizabeth.

A hasty council was then held between Father Augustine and Corbalis.

"You had better take the advice of that faithful fellow, and give way. You know," continued the friar, "the dreadful temper and baleful passion of James MacDonald. Not only your own life, but that of your wife, may fall a sacrifice to his fury were he to find you. I am well aware that he has long considered his sister as an incumbrance on his succession, and will either cause her to be shut up in a convent, or secretly destroyed."

Corbalis shuddered at the picture, and asked the holy father what he should do.

"Retreat in your own chamber in the first instance; it were madness and worse to attempt to exclude Earl MacDonald from his castle, even if we had sufficient strength within, which you have not. You have in her castle and retinue which befitted her high rank. His sister Marion was a mere child, whom he used to fondle and caress in his moments of relaxation. I shall cause Lady Katherine to be conveyed there also when she recovers. We must resolve on some scheme instantly; the secret of the [illegible] is unknown to all but your faithful friends."

Sir Thomas allowed himself to be persuaded, and was soon joined in his retreat by Lady Katherine and Elizabeth. That night, instant flight, was resolved on, and the timid and gentle Katherine, who had hardly ever ventured beyond the walls of the castle, declared she was ready to leave her native father than be torn from her husband, or be the means of his being consigned to endless captivity, or it might be, a cruel and lingering death.

Father Augustine set off again in search of Roderick, and soon returned with the joyful intelligence that MacDonald was still at a castle a few miles distant; that those of his followers who had already arrived were then carousing deeply, and as soon as the first watch was set, a pair of fleet horses would be waiting at the small postern, to which Corbalis and his lady could steal unobserved, wrapped in horsemen's cloaks.

The short interval which occurred was spent in making such preparations as were required for the travelers, by Elizabeth and by the churchman, in fervent petitions to Heaven for their safety. At length the expected signal was given from the chapel and the agitated party stood at the postern, where Roderick awaited with the horses.

It was some moments before the lady could disengage herself from the arms of her weeping attendant; but the father hurried them away and soon their figures were lost in the gloom, and their horses' tread became faint in the distance.

Well was it for the fugitives that their plans had been so quickly executed, for e'er midnight the trumpets of MacDonald sounded before the castle gate. There all was uproar and confusion. The means of refreshment had been given with unsparing hand, and the wild spirits of the mercenaries whom he commanded were then in a state bordering on stupefation from their lengthened debauch.

The few who accompanied him were not much better, and he himself had all his evil passions inflamed by the wine he had quaffed with the Lord of Dunsmore Castle. Hastily throwing himself from his reeking charger he entered the castle even in hand and ordered his sister to be brought before him, and the castle to be searched, from turret to foundation-stone, for the presumptuous Corbalis.

Pale, trembling and in tears, Elizabeth threw herself at his feet.

"Oh, my good lord, my lady, my dear lady is ill, very ill, ever since she heard of the death of her beloved father. To-morrow she will endeavor to see you."

"Off, woman!" he exclaimed. "This night I must and shall see my sister, dead or alive!" and he arose with fury in his looks.

But Reynold, his lieutenant, a brave young man, stepped before him, and drawing his sword, exclaimed:

"You must pass over my dead body ere you break in upon the sacred sorrows of Lady Katherine!"

There was something in the brave bearing of the gallant follower which even MacDonald respected, for he lowered his voice, and stealing his hand from his dagger, said:

"And where is Father Augustine, that he comes not to welcome me to the halls of my father?"

"He is gone," returned Elizabeth, "to the neighboring monastery, to say a mass for the honored dead," and she devoutly crossed herself, turning her tearful eye on Reynolds, who, with the most respectful tone, added:

"Sir, faithful minstrels guards her lady, and that Curtis Reynolds guards her chamber till her pleasure is known."

"Now lead in our prisoner here;" but a dozen voices exclaimed against further duty that night.

"He sleeps sound on his dungeon floor," said MacDonald's squire, "and to-morrow you may make him as sleepy as ever you will. A cup of wine would be more to the purpose, methinks, after our long and toilsome march."

A hundred voices joined in the request. The wine was brought, and the tyrant soon forgot his projects of vengeance in the pleasures of a prolonged debauch.

He slept, and that inhuman monster slept, and dreamed of his victims, and the sweet revenge that was awaiting him. It was owing to the presence of mind of Roderick that the flight of Corbalis was not discovered. He had the address to persuade the half-inebriated soldiers that the prisoner was actually securely fettered in the dungeon which he had all along occupied.

No sooner did he see them all engaged in the new carousel, than he fled and joined Elizabeth in the secret chamber, where they joined Father Augustine in his devotions, and prayed for blessings on the head of their noble lord and lady. Meanwhile the fugitives had reached Scotland, and were now leaving pursuit far away, thinking themselves far beyond the reach of pursuit. On their first crossing the border, a shepherd's hut afforded the agitated Lady Katherine an hour's repose and a few draughts of milk; the morning air revived her spirits, and once more she smiled secretly as her husband bade her welcome to his native soil.

From the fear of pursuit, they durst not take the most direct road to Kilmarnock, but continued to follow the narrow tracks among the hills, known only to huntsmen and shepherds.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DOOM.

It was now evening. The sun was sinking among a lofty range of mountains, tinging their heathy summit with a purple hue, as his broad disc seemed to touch their tops. The travelers were entering a narrow defile at the end of which a small but beautiful mountain lake or "loch" burst upon their sight; its waters lay beautifully still and placid, reflecting aslant a few elder bushes which grew on its banks, while the cana, or wild cotton grass, reared its [illegible] here and there among the bushes of wild thyme, which sent their perfume on the air.

The wild and melancholy note of the curfew, as she was reined from the nest by the travlers, or the occasional bleat of a lamb, was all that broke the universal stillness.

"Ah, my love," said Lady Katherine, riding up close to her husband "what a scene of peace and tranquility! Why could we not live here, far from courts and camps, from battle and bloodshed? But," she continued, looking fondly and fixedly at her husband, "this displeases you—think of it only as a fond dream, and pardon me."

"True, my Katherine;" returned Corbalis, "these are but fond dreams. The staff of our poor country commands every man to do his duty, and how could the followers of the bloody heart sheathe their swords, and live like bondsmen? Never, never! But ride on now; the smoke from yonder cabin on the brow of the hill promises shelter for the night, and, ere to-morrow's sun goes down you shall be welcomed as the daughter of one of the noblest dames of of Scotland. Ride on—the night wears space."

Scarcely had the words passed his lips, when the quick tramp of a steed behind him caused him to turn around. It was MacDonald, his every glaring with fury, and his frame trembling with rage and excitement.

"Turn, traitor, coward! Robber, turn and meet your just punishment."

"Coward was never heard by a Corbalis unrevenged!" was the haughty answer to this defiance, as he wheeled round to meet the challenger, at the same time waving to Lady Katherine to ride on.

But she became paralyzed with fear and surprise, and sat on her paffry motionless. Both men drew their swords, and the combat began. It was furious, but short; Corbalis unhorsed his antagonist, and then, leaping from his own steed, went to assist in raising him, unwilling to cause to harm the the brother of his wife. But, oh, the treachery and cruelty of the wicked! No sooner did the tender-hearted Sir Thomas kneel down beside him to ascertain the nature of his wounds, than MacDonald drew his secret dagger and stabbed him to the heart.

That night the moon was pale and cold on the waters of this small inland lake, and showed distinctly the body of a female lying near its shore, while a dark heap, resembling men asleep, were seen at a little distance, on a rising ground, the mournful "howl of a large dog only broke the deathlike stillness. Soon, however, a horseman was seen descending the pass; he was directed by the dog to the female, who still lay as if life had indeed fled; he sprung from his horse and brought water from the lake, which he sprinkled on her face and hands.

Long his efforts were unavailing, but at last the pulse of life began once more to beat, the eye opened, and she wildly exclaimed:

"O, do not kill him!"

"He is safe from me, lady," said the well-known voice of Roderick Clancy.

"Thou here, my trusty friend?" murmured Lady Katherine; "bear me to Corbalis and all may yet be well."

She could utter no more; insensibility again seized her, and Roderick, lifting her up, bore her in his arms to what he supposed to be shepherd's cottage, but found it only a deserted summer shealing. He was almost distracted, afid laying down his precious burden, wrapped in his plaid man's cloak, he ran out again in search of assistance, though hardly hoping to find it in such a wild district, still closely followed by the dog, which continued to interrupt the same dismal howl which had attracted the notice of Roderick as he ascended the hill; the sad note of the hound was answered by a loud barking, and more than one hound of the clan of the faithful vassal; he followed the sounds and they led him to a hut tenanted by a shepherd and his wife.

Roderick's tale was soon told. They hastened with him to the deserted shealing, where they found the object of their solicitude in a situation to demand instant and womanly assistance. There amid the wilds of Scotland, in a comfortless cabin, the heir of the warlike and noble Sir Thomas Corbalis first saw the light. Long ere perfect consciousness returned, Lady Katherine was removed to the more comfortable home of the shepherd, and there his wife paid her every possible attention.

The care of Roderick consigned the remains of the rival chieftains to the grave. It was supposed that Mc Donald had expired, soon after giving Corbalis the fatal stroke, as his fingers still firmly grasped the hilt of his dagger. There horses and accoutrements were disposed of by the shepherd, and this furnished a fund for the maintainance of the noble lady, who was so strangely cast upon their hospitality.

Many weeks elapsed ere she was aware that she had neither husband or brother.

Time, which calms or extinguishes every passion of the human heart, had exerted its healing influence over the mind of Lady Katherine.

One day she sat watching the gambols of her son, on the banks of the beautiful lake, whose waters had first recalled her to life on the disastrous evening of his birth. There was even a smile on her pale, thin lips, as he tottered to her knee, and laid there a handful of yellow wild-flowers. She clasped the blooming boy to her heart, murmuring:

"My Corbalis!"

On her first awakening to a full sense of her loss, and forlorn condition, it was only by presenting her son to her that she could be persuaded to live, and when her strength returned, she determined to go to Kilmarnock, and claim protection for herself and child, but the prudence of Roderick, suggested the propriety of his first going to ascertain the state of the family, and, recommending his lady to the care of Alexander Cockburn and his kind hearted wife, he set out on his embassy.

But sad was his welcome. The noble pile was a heap of blackened and smoking ruins, and the inmates fled no one knew whither. Sad and sorrowful he returned to the mountain retreat, and was surprised at the calmness with which his honored mistress heard his tale. Alas, he knew not that the pang she had suffered made every loss appear trivial.

The lonely shealing was repaired and furnished. There Lady Katherine, in placid content, nursed her child, attended by her faithful foster brother, who made occasional excursions to the neighboring town to supply her with any necessaries she might require On an occasion of this kind, when the lovely boy was nearly two years old, she sat in the door of her humble dwelling, listening to his sweet prattle.

It was the first time he had attempted to say the most endearing of all names. She forgot her sorrow, and was almost happy. Her attention was soon called to some domestic concern within the cottage. The boy was on his accustomed seat at the door, when a shrill and piercing scream caused her to run out. Need her anguish and despair be described when she saw her lovely boy borne aloft in the air in the talons of a large eagle?

To run, to scream, to shout, was the first movements of the frenzied mother, but vain had been her efforts, had she not been almost immediately joined by some of her neighbors, whose united efforts made the fatigued bird quit his prey, and drop it into the loch. Many a willing heart, many an active hand, was ready to save the boy.

He was delivered to his mother, but, alas! only as a drenched and nerveless corpse. Human nature could endure no more. Her brain reeled, and reason fled forever. Her faithful and attached follower returned to find his lady a wandering maniac. Year after year did he follow her footsteps, nor, till death put a period to her sufferings, did his care slacken for one instant.

After he had seen her laid by her husband and brother, he bade adieu to the simple inhabitants, and ceased not, as he supposed he fell in one of the border raids of the period, as he was never heard of more.

THAT FIFTY DOLLARS.

BY B. A. M. MOSS.

How very strange it seems that a great or learned man can never do or say a smart thing, or even think a smart thought, but there is always somebody to step forward and deny that he ever did, said, or thought it.

All the true and beautiful stories so familiar to our childhood are in the rudest manner raised as false and fabulous; the disputing disbelievers grant life, it is true, but endeavor to take away honor.

Thus Alexander the great is made to live but not to weep. Washington too, but he did not say he would not tell a lie. Tell was, but did not shoot an apple from the head of his son, and of late some sacrilegious pen has endeavored to use a weapon against the glory surrounding the name of Pocahontas, a woman, and it is maintained that either Pocahontas wasn't she, or Smith wasn't her, or something of the sort I don't much care to remember just what, as I know that the story is true as it was first written, and that Smith was Smith himself, and she was she.

But the last and most foolish sample given forth by this perverse habit of contradiction is this.

Somebody says that J. G. Whittier thinks that $50 a year ought to dress any woman; and when the exchanges have set the story well to going some perverse son of Adam's race thinks it necessary to stand forth and proclaim, that it is not necessary to say, that John G. "never thought or said any such absurd thing."

How disagreeing this is, how vexatious, how productive of evil results. It weakens our belief in newspaper stories, it weakens our belief in human nature, and stirs up many a family quarrel. I mean if we try to believe that he said it and didn't think it, or that he thought it and didn't say it, or that he didn't think or say it.

You see how quickly one gets mixed up in the matter.

Now if the sentence had been left just as it was, how handy it would have been for the fashionable husband to say: "Why no my dear, I really can't let you have seventy-five this morning as your favorite poet John G. Whittier thinks $50 a year ought to dress any woman."

How madam would have silenced at that and gone away satisfied with ten dollars. But now, now she has her weapon of contradiction, and there is a fair chance for a family quarrel unless the seventy-five is forthcoming.

I really did hope that John G. did dare to think, even if he did not say that $50 a year ought to dress any woman. I was intending to journey forth and meet him and say: "Blessed art thou among men that thou canst assure a woman modestly apparelled; great need has the world of thee and great need have men of thy counsel; too prone are they to admire those who are outwardly adorned who are clad in richest apparel, and our maidens and wives and mothers are vieing each with the other, in the beauty and extravagance of their wardrobes, not for health, not for comfort, not for present good, nor future happiness, but for that unstable blessing, that blighting curse, admiration of men."

I had thought how the many faithful, true, and beautiful women who have been for years obliged to dress for twenty-five dollars, or even less, a year, would smile with joy that at last they had a noble champion; how the frivolous and vain would almost weep and tear their hair with anger, that there had ever lived a poet over whom extravagant dress had not a power. I had thought how soon the world would change, and no longer would those most highly favored with outward adorning find highest favor and highest place.

But whether or not Mr. Whittier said the words, or thought the thought attributed to him, it is well worthy of him, and if more men believed in plainer dress, and more women dared adopt it, we should have less knaves, and less convicted and unconvicted criminals among men, and more dutiful daughters and happier wives, and truer mothers among our homes.

In these few words then there is contained a great truth for those who will search it out.

"$50 a year ought to dress any woman," and would, *if only men would think so!*

A LOVING MOTHER.

Make the most of her while yet you have this most precious of all good gifts. Read the unselfish love of those eyes, the kind anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain. In after life you may have friends, food, dear, kind friends; but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother bestows. Often do I sigh in my struggle with the hard, unfeeling world for the sweet, deep security I felt when of an evening, nestled in her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale, suitable to my age, read in her tender and untiring voice. Never can I forget her sweet glances cast upon me when I appeared asleep—never her kiss of peace at night. Years have passed away since we laid her beside my father in the old churchyard, yet still her voice whispers from the grave, and her eyes watch over me as I visit spots long since hallowed to the memory of my mother.

A WIFE'S POWER.

A good wife is to a man wisdom, strength and courage; a bad one is confusion, weakness, and despair. No condition is hopeless to a man where a wife possesses firmness, decision, and economy. There is no outward prosperity which can counteract indolence, extravagance, and folly at home. No spirit can long endure bad influence. Man is strong, but his heart is not adamant. He needs a tranquil mind, and especially if he is an intelligent man, with a whole heart, he needs its moral force in the conflict of life. To recover his composure, home must be a place of peace and comfort. There his soul renews its strength, and goes forth with renewed vigor to encounter the labor and troubles of life. But if at home he finds no rest, and there is met with bad temper, jealously, and gloom, or assailed with complaints and censure, hope vanishes, and he sinks into despair.

LOVE.

BY HANNIE SADLER.

Oh! tell me not that love will wane,
And fade from the heart so soon;
That the blissful vision will flee away
With the days of the honeymoon.
For love is not a meteor light,
That is born to flash and die,
But a steady and faithful guiding star,
To lead us to realms on high.

'Tis not the love that's so quick to flow
From the lips that is truest, best;
For the deepest emotions the heart can know,
The chords that are struck by a pure love's thrill,
Are fathomless as the deep;
They will tremble and vibrate while life shall last,
And lull us at last to sleep.

Oh! love is faithful and pure and true,
And allows not soul enthrall;
For that which grows weary and chafes so soon,
Was never a love at all.
The holy passion, though born of earth,
Will shrine in our home above;
For love is immortal and cannot die,
And God himself is love.

ROCKING THE CRADLE AMONG THE SIERRAS.

IN THE FLOOD.

BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

After several weeks prospecting we had squatted upon a new claim. There were only four of our party, but some few miles above eighty or a hundred fellows were picking away in the ravine. We had hit upon a rich deposit, Doles making a pile at one haul, picking up in the canon a lump of nearly pure metal weighing several ounces. To be sure, Gardiner had called out that he had observed the nugget simultaneously with him, but Doles knew better, and said so. "But look here, Bill, it is a natural impossibility for you to have obtained a glimpse of the yellow pellet from your standpoint. That walled-out boulder completely hid it from every position save the one which I occupied."

Gardiner sulkily maintained his previous assertion, although I knew that he repeated a falsehood, for when Doles had called out—"Here goes my neck against a fortune!" and began scrambling down the precipitous sides of the ravine, Gardiner's eyes, with those of the others, had flashed back and forth, up and down, trying to discover the exact point for which our companion was steering.

Doles was generous to a fault. He would not have hesitated to halve or quarter, the nugget among us had justice demanded it, but no man need expect to obtain a dint spark of him unfairly.

Gardiner, however, soon got over his sulkiness, and picked away as long as any of us. Doles and myself were preparing our evening meal. He and I had been working like dray-horses all day. Walter was gone to Stockton for supplies; Gardiner was indulging in one of his "bonanzas with the whisky bottle in the ravine above, and we were getting things ready for rocking the cradle, as the rainy season had fairly set in. We were constructing a flume, and being well advanced, for when Doles' nugget expose us to a flood of water from the ravines and gorges of the mountains, we had to give particular attention to the strength of our apparatus, and as we found ourselves at evening time soaked with the showery rain-fall, and so weary that our supper was barely worth the getting.

"By Jove!" ejaculated Doles, hauling our cake out of the coals, and listening to the increased roar outside, "this sounds like business. Wish to the Lord we had got in a few more braces and timbers."

"So do I. I am mightily afraid the whole concern will be wrecked."

"Let's have our supper through, and unless there is much strength in this coffee, I wouldn't lift a finger again to-night to save all the flumes in the mines."

Doles was mightily emphatic. We drew up to the board—a rough hewn one, with four sticks for legs—and devoured our loaf frosted with ashes, using the gravy from our toasted pork as butter and sauce—this was California in its early mining days—and drank off our coffee, black enough to have been dipped from a witch's cauldron; and not stopping to clear the table stepped outside the tent to observe the weather. The night was blacker than Erebus; the wind came in heavy gusts, with an occasional peal of thunder, and the rain roared past in evenly spread sheets.

"We've seen nothing like this," exclaimed Doles, diving back under the tent, whose canvas angles rumbled and gave an occasional dull flap, as the slender, bent-in uprights sprang back again to place and duty. "By George, Mic, that flume of ours will go out with the tide."

"This is awful," I echoed, as the storm momentarily increased; "tighten the guys, Doles, or we shall be without a local habitation in fifteen minutes. See how the structure rips and rears."

As we fastened the ropes and pins more securely, the roar of the water in the canon steadily and rapidly increased. "Dread the flume!" aspirates Doles, getting up again and lighting the lantern, "I can't rest a moment for thinking of the big lifts that we've flowed away to-day."

"You are not going out?"

"No—I don't know—I am awaiting a crisis, or climax, or something that I feel is coming."

The words had barely escaped his lips when a faint wild cry reached us, more like the aggravated squeal of the wind than anything else.

"What's that?" exclaimed he, his eyebrows lifting and falling, as I have seen pot-lids when fresh gusts of steam strove to escape.

"And where was it?"

We were both outside by this time, with our hands hinged back of our ears to ward off the nearer sounds, and let in the farther ones.

Again the shrill, disjointed cry!

"Good God! the bridge across the ravine is broken away, and some one was crossing it."

He worded the idea that had instantly seized my mind. The next instant saw the two men, Doles and myself, with but a few too weary to lift a finger, rushing along the the foot-hills with all the forces of soul and body braced against the furious storm.

"The bridge!" I shrieked, plunging headlong after the speck of dipping, diving and circling light, made by the erratic gyrations of Doles and the lantern.

"The flume!" he shouted in return, and but half divining his meaning, I leaped and stumbled, and leaped again after him.

Our flume was in course of building a mile below the bridge. This bridge was a roughly constructed affair, spanning the gorge, placed there by the upper miners for their own convenience in transporting supplies from Stockton to the camps, as the route was easier than to ford the canon ten miles below and come up the near bank.

We had planned for our shaft to be fed from a little cascade which we imagined might be entirely manageable, but the cascade and yards of the precipitous walls of the ravine were now covered by a roaring rushing torrent of yeasty water.

What a change an hour's time had made in the scene. A little below us an irresistible tide was rolling towards the Sacramento; from every rocky shelf above leaped a foaming cataract; from every fissure spouted the allies of the torrent.

The lower timbers of our structure was breaking the foam into beautiful and fantastic gouts, a few of the pieces stretched like long black arms a little above the flood.

On reaching this point, Doles slipped back the slide from the lantern and threw its light up the stream. We could distinguish nothing amidst the foam, only as it seemed, a strangled cry.

"Tend the lantern, Mic; throw the light alternately up the canon and across it. The poor fellow must be close down to us," and he dropped astride the first log and shoved himself out over the roaring flood, which broke feather-white around his thighs.

"Never mind me, I know the length of the——"

The sentence ceased abruptly and tossing the lantern-bail over a peg in the upright, I sprang down the log at his feet to the timbers. I was then in utter darkness, but I could have sworn that a patch of tangible blackness leaped from the shadow to the right of me and melted in with the night.

"Hey, Doles!" I shouted, numb with terror, riding out as he had done on the upper stringer, "for God's sake, where are you?"

"Here!" called back his voice, with something of a gurgle in it, "don't mind—I can hold on. Catch by the bolts, swing out, stretch yourself like a boom across that accursed swirl made by the timbers. There! close to you—swing out—swing out for God's sake, grapple him before he shoots beyond you!"

I had caught the glimpse of a head and shoulders in the tossing flood—a brave head and determined, defiant shoulders throwing themselves every few moments clear of the flying yeast, with the strokes of a powerful swimmer in strong agony. The sight nearly deprived me of my self possession.

"Strike in—this way!" I shrieked, "just one stroke in!" as the drowning wretch shot across the last bar of light green by the lantern and plunged into the Egyptian darkness that enveloped us. I was in despair. I had stretched out to the utmost and was fighting the current with every muscle to keep myself across instead of lengthwise the eddy, and—

Something heavy but yielding struck me above the knees. The next moment I had my hands tangled in the wet hair, and was hauling the now inactive body towards the bank.

Strangely disturbed by the silence of Doles, I struggled and deposited the rescued body upon the bank and again took passage on the slippery timber, holding by the bolts now, for the foam was above my belt.

"Doles, hey, boy!" I called, "for God's sake shout."

Only the roar, hiss and gurgle of the jouncing flood.

I threw myself off the frame, and sliced the water above, around and beneath me. I then flung myself over to the shorter arms of the surging structure and dived about the water there. Baffled and overpowered by my conflicting emotions, I crept along the slippery stringer towards the bank. Right where the timbers were spliced, forming the corner of a triangle, I found Doles wedged, or as he afterwards had it "boot-jacked in," his arms hooked at the elbows around some pegs, and the foam spurting across his mouth and nose. I got him clear. I got up the bank with him, crawling chiefly, I guess, and laid upon his face with his forehead on his arm, while I seized the greater, or longer sufferer, and with the lantern hooked to my belt, I staggered toward the tent, dragging, or carrying, the limp, wet figure whose last cry I was afraid had rung out on the night air.

We never knew how we accomplished so much under great excitement, but at last I had them both beneath the dripping canvas —both silent, insensible, if not dead.

I piled the resinous boughs and chips upon the fire just outside the doorway—for the storm was dying out, and our patent stone fire-place protected the logs from the wind—and as the smoke cleared up and the blaze shone into the tent, I discovered for the first time the garments of the stranger. We had rescued a woman! The brave, struggling, lifting shoulders belonged to a young girl of perhaps twenty years, whose jet black hair, eyebrows, and eyelashes, together with the sunny tinge of the cold face, bespoke her of Spanish or Spanish-Mexican blood stock. A groan from Doles allowed me to persist in my endeavors at resuscitating the girl.

In less than an hour she was sensible, and coiled up before the roaring fire warming and drying her drenched garments, I having further contributed to the accommodations by the addition of a bean-to, made of our blankets and extending from the tent proper to the cooking range just alongside.

"But, Doles," said I, as he lay curled up like a caterpillar in the other corner, mellowing or thumping his head between his hands, "whatever happened to you so suddenly?"

"God!" he ejaculated, flickering his adjustable brows, "that is a conundrum. I thought,—perhaps—did you chance to dislodge a boulder on the bank above?"

"Not I. Indeed; was standing still with the lantern when your sentence broke off unfinished."

"I certainly got a clip upon the head;" and he suddenly came bolt upright, with such a vehement motion that the girl also half sprung to her feet.

"Say," he continued, "Carnes you don't think—it could not have been?"

I caught his meaning. I recollected the tangible shadow that swam past me by the canon.

"The nugget, Doles; it was Gardiner!"

He carried his hand to his belt, and then withdrew it, while he lifted his brows until he backed them under his limp and steaming hair. "Sold his soul to the devil for three or four ounces of gold. I should want to drive a closer bargain than that; but he closer the business with dispatch. Carnes put your thumb in the dent which he gave me over the vital sponge; but thank God that it is no worse."

Thus philosophically Doles disposed of his nugget.

The girl was Mustapha's daughter, from the mines above. Her father was expected back from Stockton with supplies, and she had thought to cross the bridge to warn him not to venture on with a load; and when she was near the centre of it, the structure tilted up and swung around throwing her many rods below, while it crumbled like a cob-house in the raging torrent.

In the morning her return to the ravine was hailed with shouts by the mixed mass of miners, for she had been given up for lost as soon as her absence was discovered.

MIND may act upon mind though bodies be far divided; for the life is in the blood, but souls communicate unseen.

ANY work, no matter how humble, that a man honors by efficient labor will be found important enough to secure respect for himself and credit for his name.

REVIEWS.

THE lovers of the "Game of Euchre," will find many timely suggestions in a little work having that title, just issued by T. B. Peterson Bros. Philadelphia.

WE have been unable to answer the conundrum, why the book entitled K. K. K. Sketches, by J. M. Beard, was written. If for fun, its *ponderosity* of style is not conducive to merriment; if in earnest, it will fail to convince the public of its being a trustworthy solution of the movements it professes to explain. However, the curious in such literature may find therein food for reflection, (Claxton, Remsen, & Haffelfinger, Phil'a.)

THE sorrows, struggles, temptations, hopes and misery of a young girl tenderly reared, but suddenly reduced to poverty are the staple of "Storm Driven," by Mary Healy, the second of the Star Series of Novels issued by J. B. Lippincott & Co. The sympathy of the reader is kept active by the misfortunes of the heroine, but the dark days are rather unnecessarily prolonged. There is an excellent delineation of a shrewd managing woman of the world who skillfully manoeuvres men and circumstances to her own advantage, and the finer and better heartfulness of the heroine are well brought out by the contrast with this worshipper of wealth. A happy ending is made so entirely probable, that the reader feels it is assured, though most would have preferred a little more of detail here, in place of so much of the extended misfortune.

LOVE and marriage as they ought to be, with unforeseen circumstances varying the smooth running of their course form the staple materials of most novels of the period. The ideal they present though seldom realized in ordinary life is put so attractive, and so may help to educate the world up to the happy time when all shall marry for true love. A somewhat remarkable departure from the usual track is a W. Gilney in "Love in Idleness" just issued by J. B. Lippincott & Co. It is a vivid picture of the ideal in love and the actual as achieved by most mortals. It might be entitled, "How people fall in love and marry somebody else, because it is best they should." But while it thus presents more of truth than is agreeable, the narrative is interesting, and is bright with ray fire in the passionate scenes depicted. There are many bright pages of sparkling conversation, the threads of the narrative are deftly woven, and altogether it affords entertainment of a high order.

MAGAZINES FOR MARCH.—*Harper's* continues its critique on contemporary art in France, with the "Cathedrals and Art" The Prussian Wends and their Home gives glimpses of a peculiar people. The Distribution of Animals shows in general the influences which have extended their migrations. A Summer Cruise among the Atlantic Islands is a pleasant bit of travel. There is a popular exposition of some curious experiments with heated bodies. These with two or three good short stories, several unusually fine poems, and the usual Records of the month etc. make up a very readable number.

Potter's presents sketch of Edwin Forrest, most entirely in reminiscences of the great tragedian are lovingly told. Thomas A. Janvier, contributes records of some forgotten Arctic explorers. Greek Architecture is treated by Rev. William Black wood, D. D. L. L. D. The last visit of Lafayette to America, is described by Rev. William Hall. Several other articles give variety and interest. The illustrations need improving.

The Popular Science Monthly contains "Education as a Science," II, by Alexander Bain, L. L. D. "Formation of Raindrops and Hailstones," illustrated, by Prof. Osborne Reynolds. "Origin and Use of Biology," by Prof. Huxley; "How the Earth was regarded in Old times" "Is the Moon a Dead Planet?" etc., etc., A Biographical Sketch of Thomas Edmund Clark, illustrated, with portrait, is a striking illustration of the possibilities of achievement under the greatest discouragements, by one who has a genuine enthusiasm for his work.

Lippincott's opens with an interesting and well illustrated article of travel in the valleys of Peru, followed by a sketch of adventure in Japan: "Seth" is a touching tale of conscientiousness.

George MacDonald's "Marquis of Lossie" is continued: "Place Aux Dames" is a capital travesty of some of Shakespeare's heroines, and "Gerhardt," a German novel "The Gaxk from America" is continued. The illustrations of this number show marked improvement and are in keeping with the literary excellence of the work.

Scribner's has an illustrated article on the New York Aquarium—the pictures not all up to regulation standard which is usually of the highest; Dr. Holland's story "Nicholas Minturn" progresses satisfactorily, and brings out some strong bits of character; "Farmer Bassett's Romance" by Saxe Holme is concluded with admirable feel for natural gush and affection. Col lege with portraits of its successive presidents is worthily treated: An Exposition of Life Insurance written for the people, gives its plain and regular style many facts which are not, but should be generally known, and is alone worth a year's subscription. Other articles of travel, science and literature complete a first class number.

Appleton's Journal opens with an illustrated paper on "The Mountains of North Carolina," from the pen of Christian Reid, who, from her residence in that region, is enabled to describe it with marked fidelity. The tithe cannot be far distant when these mountains will become the favorite resort of pleasure seeking tourists. A story, in verse, by "M. E. W. S.," entitled "Love or Study," is marked by many felicitous touches and descriptions, the serial, "Jerry Boy," is interesting, and especially noteworthy for the freshness of the situations, and the charming characteristics of the heroine, Mignon. The short stories are by Rose Yorke, "Mrs. Judge Fisher," and "My Son Victor," by Mrs. Wager Fisher, the one being a touching and sad story, the other a vivacious sketch, founded on incidents occurring in the Centennial. An article by Charlotte Adams, entitled "Gregione's Venice," is remarkble for graphic and picturesque description; Julius Hawthorne resumes his "Memoirs of a Detective," this instalment being specially pungent and good; there is a paper under the title of "Culture Heroes of the Ancient Americans," describing some of the strange traditions of the aborigines; and some of the most entertaining incidents in Dr. Mackay's "Forty Years Recollections" are digested in an interesting paper by Dr. Guernsey. There are the usual gossip of the editor, and the book reviews.

THE SEA.—The sea is the largest of all cemeteries, and its numbers sleep without monuments. All other graveyards, in other lands, show some distinction between the great and the small, the rich and the poor, but in the great ocean cemetery the king and the clown, the prince and peasant, are alike undistinguished. The same waves roll over all; the same sun shines, and there, unmarked, the weak and the powerful, the plumed and the unhonored, will sleep on for ever.

NEWS NOTES.

"MUSH and milk festivals," are quite popular in some portions of this State.

RUSSIA has 540 monasteries and convents, which enjoy an annual income of nearly $7,000,000

THE Legislature of Rhode Island is endeavoring to make education compulsory throughout the State.

IN Great Britain, during the past ten years, the death rate of smallpox has increased over 80 per cent.

THERE are about 600 producing oil wells in Pennsylvania, and the daily average of production is 5.6 barrels.

THE population of Lyons, France, has been found by the late census to be 323,417 a gain of 18,365 since 1872.

DURING 1876 the taxable value of the property of North Carolina was increased to the extent of $10,000,000.

IT is estimated that over 25,000 alligator skins are annually used by the boot and shoe manufacturers in the United States.

THE death is announced at Tarbes, at the age of 107 years, of Jean Bourguine, who was a soldier during the reign of Louis XVI.

PRESIDENT Hinsdale, of Hobart College, at Geneva, N. Y., has thus far received $1000 in response to his appeal for aid for the institution.

A COLLECTION of the skulls of the animals killed by the Prince of Wales in India are now on exhibition in London by the Prince's special permission.

UNTIL within a few days there have been nine inmates of the county poor house in Ingham, Mich., whose aggregate ages were 726 years, an average of 81 years.

NANTUCKET, Mass., is one of the lales of the blest, for it has a jail without a prisoner. The whole expense of the establishment last year was only $133.32.

ARRANGEMENTS are being made for a fox hunt in the Lebanon valley, to come off in a few days. It is regarded the entire State government, Executive and Legislative, will take part in it.

THERE are but four dividend-paying roads now running west from Chicago, and Chicago has now ceased to be the great entrepot for the grain products of the country west and south of it.

THE London *Standard* has information that the Egyptian Government will despatch a squadron to cruise in the Red Sea, and visit the ports suspected of being concerned in the slave trade, with a view to its suppression.

TEN THOUSAND men are engaged upon the Paris Exhibition building, and the foundations are wholly completed. The authorities reckon upon a daily average of from thirty to forty thousand visitors to make the Exhibition a financial success.

THE French Government has submitted to the Chamber of Deputies a proposition to appropriate $100,000 for the purchase by the State of silk fabrics in Lyons, in order to give work and relief to the suffering operatives thrown out of employment.

CAPT. Thomas Desmond has received in San Francisco, gifts of a gold watch and chain and $600 in gold, in recognition of his services in the Irish national cause, and especially for the part he took in the release of the Fenian prisoners in Australia.

THE first eclipse for the year of 1877 will be one of the moon, on Tuesday the 27 inst. Our readers, however, need not burn their glasses to get a good view of it unless they want to take a little trip to Europe, Asia, Africa, or Australia, where it will be visible.

THE French Government has lately granted a pension of $950 a year to the widow of the French Consul Moulin, who was killed in a Turkish riot at Salonica last May. In addition to this the Turkish Government paid the lady and her children $100,000.

NEARLY all the mills of Pittsburgh that were silenced by the panic of '73 have been started again. The last to feel the revivifying touch is the Ormsby iron works, which have been leased, and are being put in order for rolling the steel for the wire for the Kaster river bridge at New York.

A PROMINENT N. Louis Gentleman who has just returned from China, states that there is a railroad running out of Pekin that cost $70,000 per mile. An ordinary American railroad can be built for any amount from $10,000 to $30,000 per mile. The China road was built by Americans for the government.

PARIS is to have a system of underground railways like those of London, their total length being about sixteen miles and cost 160,000,000 francs. A double tunnel lined with brick, will be employed, and the central station will be twenty one feet beneath the level of the Palais Royal Gardens.

THE worst case of municipal indebtedness in this country is that of Portland, Me. With a population of but 30,000, and that mostly of poor people, it has a municipal indebtedness of $6,000,000, or $200 per head. Four millions of this were incurred for railway connections which were to make Portland the great entrepot of the northeastern coast.

A PANIC exists among the many large cattle breeders in Jutland, on account of the proximity of the cattle plague, which, even according to the Hamburgh and Holstein papers, is spreading in a fearful manner. They are trying to prevent the disease passing into Jutland, which would simply be ruin to this industrious, hard-working population.

THE State Association for the Protection of Game and Game Fish held a meeting in the rooms of the State Agricultural Society, at Harrisburg, Wednesday afternoon, with Robert Dalzell, of Pittsburgh, president, in the chair, and R. F. Dorrance, secretary. All the game associations throughout the State were represented. The session was occupied in considering the Game laws now before the Legislature, and proposing amendments to be submitted to the House Committee having the bill in charge. The Committee of the Associated Sportsmen on Game Laws consists of Hon. John E. Reyburn, Philadelphia, Colonel John K. Zeigler, and D. W. Seiler, Harrisburg. Colonel J. D. Dougherty, of Harrisburg, is the treasurer.

WEAK LUNGS ARE CRUELLY HACKED by a persistent Cough, which Dr Jayne's Expectorant may be relied on to cure. It cures also both Asthma and Bronchitis.

SMOKE, Soot and Coal Gas, from defective drafts and all difficulties with fires for cooking or heating are permanently cured by applying the Spiral Draft. Its many points of merit make it a necessity for housekeepers. Send stamp for circular. COLFORD & Co., 120 Sansom street, Philadelphia, Pa.

ONLY.

BY JESSIE GORDON.

Only a seed—but it chanced to fall
In a single inch of a city wall,
And taking root grew bravely up,
Till a tiny blossom crowned its top.

Only a flower—but it chanced that day
That a hunkered heart passed by that way;
And the message that through the flower was sent
Brought the weary soul a sweet content.

For it spake of the lilies so wood-rously clad,
And the heart that was tired grew strangely glad;
All the thought of a tender care over all,
That noted even a sparrow's fall.

Only a thought—but the work it wrought
Could never by tongue or pen be taught;
For it ran through a life like a thread of gold
And the life here's fruit—a hundred fold.

Only a word—but 'twas spoken in love,
With a whispered prayer to the Lord above,
And the angels in heaven rejoiced some more
For a new born soul entered in by the door.

EDINA.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

[This story was commenced in No. 12. Vol 22. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XXXI.—(*Continued.*)

DAISY'S JEALOUSY.

From that night Mrs. Frank Raynor began a course of action that she previously would have believed herself incapable of. She watched her husband. In her eagerness to discover where these Bells lived—though what service the knowledge would render her she would have been at a loss to know had she mentally asked the question—she occasionally followed him. Keeping her husband down stairs in readiness, she would put it on hastily when he went out, and steal after him. Three or four times a week she did this. Very contemptible indeed Daisy felt it to be, and her cheeks blazed consciously now and again; but jealousy has driven a woman to do more contemptible things than even this. But for this unsuitability of her present life, he contrasted with her previous tastes and habits and surroundings, and for its utter monotony, causing her to feel weary unto death day after day, Margaret Raynor might never so far have forgotten herself. The pursuit was quite exciting, bringing to her a kind of relief; and she resolutely drove away all inconvenient qualms of conscience.

So, there imagine that you beheld them. Frank turning out at the surgery door, and hastening this way or that way, as if his feet were aided by wings; and when he is a few yards off, say just abreast of the oil and pickle shop, Daisy turns out after him. It would be generally a tedious and tormenting chase. He seemed to have so many patients to visit, here there, and everywhere; on this side the streets and on that side, and round corners, and down courts, that his pursuer, was generally baffled, lost him for good, and had to return home in despair.

Meanwhile, as time went on, Frank, unconscious of all this, was destined to get a shock himself. One evening, when he had been called to a case of emergency near home, upon quitting the sick man's house, he entered a chemist's for the purpose of directing some article, which it was not in the province of a medical man to supply, to be sent to the sufferer. Dashing into the shop hurriedly, for his time was not his own, he was beginning to give his order.

"Will you send——"

And there his speech failed him. He stopped as suddenly and completely as though he had been shot. The young man to whom he was addressing himself, with the attentive red-brown eyes in which gleamed a smile of intelligence, and the clean white apron tied round his waist, was Blase Pellet. They looked at one another in the full glare of the gas-light.

Blase was the first to speak. "How do you do, Mr. Raynor?"

"Is it you?" cried Frank, recovering himself somewhat. "Are you living here?"

"Since a week past," replied Blase.

"Why have you left Trennach?"

"I came up to better myself," said Blase, demurely. "I've been great things of fortunes being made in London."

"And of being lost, Pellet," rejoined Frank.

"I can go back at any time," observed Blase. "Old Float would only be too glad to have me. The young fellow he has now in my place is not me, Float writes me word. Float will have to attend to business a little more himself now, and I expect it will not suit him."

Without any answer to this, Frank gave the order he had come in to give, and passed out of the shop, his mind in a very disagreeable ferment.

"He has come up here as a spy upon me; he is watching my movements," said Frank to himself. "How did he know I was here—in this part of London?" A positive conviction that it was utterly useless to try to evade Blase Pellet had taken sudden possession of him; that he had been track ing him all along by the means of spies and emissaries, and had now come to it in person. He felt that if he were to sail away over the seas and set up his tent in an African desert, or on the arid shores of some remote fastness of the Indian Empire, or amid the unexplored wilds of a Canadian prairie, he should see Blase Pellet in another tent, side by side with him, the next morning.

For the passing moment, his several engagements had gone out of his head. His patients, lying in expectation of him, might die; self was all in all. The uneasiness that had taken hold of him amounted to tribulation.

"I wonder what Dame Bell knows of this?" it suddenly occurred to him to think. And he sooner did it occur than, acting on the moment's impulse, he determined to ask her, and walked towards her lodgings at his usual quick rate. She had taken rooms in a quiet street, where the small houses were mostly private. It was nearly a week since Frank had seen her; for her complaint was very fluctuating, and latterly she had felt better, not requiring regular attendance.

Opening the door without knocking, as was his custom, he went upstairs to the small sitting-room; this room and the bedchamber behind it comprising Mrs. Bell's apartments. She had come into a little money by the death of her sister at Falmouth, John Pellet's wife; and that, combined with her previous slight income, enabled her to live quietly. When Mrs. Pellet died, it had been suggested that Rosaline should take to her millinery business, and carry it on: but Rosaline positively declined. Neither Rosaline nor her mother liked Falmouth, and they resolved to go to London. Chance alone—or at least, that apparently undirected impulse that is called chance—had caused them to fix on this particular part of London for their abode; and neither of them had the slightest idea that it was within a stone's throw of Frank Raynor's. On the third day after settling in, Rosaline and Frank had met in Mark Street; and he then learnt the news of their recent movements.

Mrs. Bell was at her old employment this evening—that of knitting. Lifting her eyes to see who had come in, she took the opportunity to snuff the candle by which she sat, and gazed at Frank over her spectacles.

"Hey-day!" she cried. "I thought it was Rosaline."

This was the first time Frank had seen her alone. During all his previous visits Rosaline was present. Rosaline had gone a long way that afternoon, Dame Bell proceeded to explain, as far as Oxford Street, and was not back yet. The girl seemed to have got some crotchet in her head, she added, and would not say what she went for. Frank was glad of her absence—crotchet or no crotchet—for it was invincible distaste to name the name of Blase Pellet in her hearing.

"Seen Blase Pellet to-night!—what had Blase Pellet come down to Town for?" repeated Dame Bell, in answer to Frank's introduction of the subject. "Well, sir," she added, "he tells us he was grown sick and tired of Trennach, and came up here to be near us—me and Rose. I'm sure you might have knocked me down with a feather, so surprised was I when he walked into this room last Sunday afternoon. I had dropped off in my chair here, and Rose was reading the Bible to herself, when he came in. For a minute or two I did not believe my eyes, and that's the truth. As to Rose, she turned the color of chalk, just as if he frightened her."

"Did he know you were living here?"

"Of course he knew that, Mr. Frank Blase, I must say, has always been as dutiful to me as if he had been my real nephew, and he often wrote to us at Falmouth. One of his letters was sent after us from Falmouth, and I wrote to tell him where we were in return."

"Did you tell him *I* was here?" questioned Frank.

"Well no, I didn't; and it's curious you should ask just that question, Mr. Frank," cried the dame. "I was just going to put in the letter that I hoped I should get better now Mr. Raynor was attending me again, but Rosaline stopped it. Mr. Raynor was nothing to Blase, she said: better not name him at all. Upon that, I asked her why she did not write the letter herself instead of me—for she never will write to him. However, you were not mentioned, sir."

"What is his object in coming to London?" repeated Frank, unable to get the one important point out of his mind.

"I'd not wonder but it's Rosaline," said Dame Bell shrewdly. "Blase has wanted to make up to her this many a day; but——"

"What an idiot the man must be!" struck in Frank.

"But she will not have anything to say to him, I was going to add," concluded Dame Bell. "Why should you call him an idiot, Mr. Frank?"

"He must be one, if he think he can persuade Rosaline to like him. See how ugly he is!"

"She might do worse, sir. I don't say Blase is handsome: he is not: but he is comely. If men and women were all chose by their looks, Mr. Frank, a good many would go unmarried. Blase Pellet is putting by money: he will be setting up for himself some day; and he would make her a good husband."

"Do you tell your daughter that he would?" asked Frank.

"Rosaline will not let me tell her, sir. I say to her sometimes that she seems frightened at hearing the young man's very name mentioned: just as though it would bring her disgrace. But she's not, that I think."

"And what is it?" asked Frank.

Why, that Rosaline pressed upon me this setting up here in London, on purpose to put a wide distance between her and Blase. Falmouth was within his reach, and he now and then came over there. I did not suspect this till last Sunday, Mr. Frank. When tea was over, and Blase had gone, she just sat with her hands before her, looking more dead than alive. 'After all, it seems we had better have stayed at Falmouth,' said she suddenly, as if speaking to herself: and that put the thought upon me, that she had come here to be farther away from him." "Blase has found a place at a druggist's close by," continued Mrs. Bell, whose tongue, once set going, would not stop readily.

It seemed that there was nothing more to ask or learn; and Frank bethought himself of his patients. Wishing the old dame good night he departed. His first visit led him past the druggist's; and his glance, of its own accord, and as though fascinated, turned to the window. There, amid the glow of red and green and blue reflected from the shining globes, he saw the face of Blase Pellet: just as he had used to see it amid the glow of the same varied colors at Trennach.

CHAPTER XXXII.

CROPPING UP AGAIN.

"Why, Daisy! Out marketing, my dear?"

The salutation to Mrs. Frank Raynor came from her husband. One winter's morning, during the time of the extreme cold and the frost that made the streets partially deserted, she followed her husband when he went abroad after breakfast. The dwelling-place of Mrs. Bell and her daughter had become known to her long ago, and those parts of Daisy's days were passed in dodging her husband's footsteps, to see whether they took him to it.

That most unreasoning jealousy, which had seized upon her mind, increased in force. It was growing to be almost a disease. She felt sure, as sure as if she had seen it written in letters of fire, that her husband's love had been, was, and would ever be Rosaline Bell's; that it never had been given to her herself. And ever and anon she asked herself the question—why had he married her?

It all appeared so plain to Daisy. Looking back upon the past, she fully believed to trace the past out, in regard to it, bit by bit. First of all, there was the girl's unusual and dangerous beauty: Frank Raynor's attendance at the house on the Barne Plain, under the plea of visiting the mother professionally; and the intimacy that was reported to exist between himself and Rosaline. A great deal more frequently than was good or necessary. Daisy recalled the evening when Frank had been dining at the Mount, and the conversation had turned upon the mysterious disappearance of Bell the miner and on the beauty of his daughter. Frank's signs of agitation—his emotional voice, his flushings from red to white to red again, his evident inability to comprehend; she had considered them as unaccountable as was the absence of the man of whom they were speaking—Bell. Now the reason was very apparent to her: the emotion had arisen from his love of Rosaline. She remembered, as though it had been but yesterday, the tales brought home by Tabitha, and repeated to herself—that this beautiful daughter of Bell the miner was Frank Raynor's best and only love, and that the girl worshipping the very ground he trod on. It was too late then to be swayed by the information, for the private marriage had taken place in the church at Trennach. Daisy had hardly known not to Mark Street; and he then learnt the news of their recent movements.

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It seemed that there was nothing more to ask or learn; and Frank bethought himself of his patients. Wishing the old dame good night he departed. His first visit led him past the druggist's; and his glance, of its own accord, and as though fascinated, turned to the window. There, amid the glow of red and green and blue reflected from the shining globes, he saw the face of Blase Pellet: just as he had used to see it amid the glow of the same varied colors at Trennach.

CHAPTER XXXII.

CROPPING UP AGAIN.

"Why, Daisy! Out marketing, my dear?"

The salutation to Mrs. Frank Raynor came from her husband. One winter's morning, during the time of the extreme cold and the frost that made the streets partially deserted, she followed her husband when he went abroad after breakfast. The dwelling-place of Mrs. Bell and her daughter had become known to her long ago, and those parts of Daisy's days were passed in dodging her husband's footsteps, to see whether they took him to it.

That most unreasoning jealousy, which had seized upon her mind, increased in force. It was growing to be almost a disease. She felt sure, as sure as if she had seen it written in letters of fire, that her husband's love had been, was, and would ever be Rosaline Bell's; that it never had been given to her herself. And ever and anon she asked herself the question—why had he married her?

It all appeared so plain to Daisy. Looking back upon the past, she fully believed to trace the past out, in regard to it, bit by bit. First of all, there was the girl's unusual and dangerous beauty: Frank Raynor's attendance at the house on the Barne Plain, under the plea of visiting the mother professionally; and the intimacy that was reported to exist between himself and Rosaline. A great deal more frequently than was good or necessary. Daisy recalled the evening when Frank had been dining at the Mount, and the conversation had turned upon the mysterious disappearance of Bell the miner and on the beauty of his daughter. Frank's signs of agitation—his emotional voice, his flushings from red to white to red again, his evident inability to comprehend; she had considered them as unaccountable as was the absence of the man of whom they were speaking—Bell. Now the reason was very apparent to her: the emotion had arisen from his love of Rosaline. She remembered, as though it had been but yesterday, the tales brought home by Tabitha, and repeated to herself—that this beautiful daughter of Bell the miner was Frank Raynor's best and only love, and that the girl worshipping the very ground he trod on. It was too late then to be swayed by the information, for the private marriage had taken place in the church at Trennach. Daisy had hardly known not to Mark Street; and he then learnt the news of their recent movements.

Mrs. Bell was at her old employment this evening—that of knitting. Lifting her eyes to see who had come in, she took the opportunity to snuff the candle by which she sat, and gazed at Frank over her spectacles.

"Hey-day!" she cried. "I thought it was Rosaline."

This was the first time Frank had seen her alone. During all his previous visits Rosaline was present. Rosaline had gone a long way that afternoon, Dame Bell proceeded to explain, as far as Oxford Street, and was not back yet. The girl seemed to have got some crotchet in her head, she added, and would not say what she went for. Frank was glad of her absence—crotchet or no crotchet—for it was invincible distaste to name the name of Blase Pellet in her hearing.

"Seen Blase Pellet to-night!—what had Blase Pellet come down to Town for?" repeated Dame Bell, in answer to Frank's introduction of the subject. "Well, sir," she added, "he tells us he was grown sick and tired of Trennach, and came up here to be near us—me and Rose. I'm sure you might have knocked me down with a feather, so surprised was I when he walked into this room last Sunday afternoon. I had dropped off in my chair here, and Rose was reading the Bible to herself, when he came in. For a minute or two I did not believe my eyes, and that's the truth. As to Rose, she turned the color of chalk, just as if he frightened her."

"Did he know you were living here?"

"Of course he knew that, Mr. Frank Blase, I must say, has always been as dutiful to me as if he had been my real nephew, and he often wrote to us at Falmouth. One of his letters was sent after us from Falmouth, and I wrote to tell him where we were in return."

"Did you tell him *I was here?*" questioned Frank.

"Well no, I didn't; and it's curious you should ask just that question, Mr. Frank," cried the dame. "I was just going to put in the letter that I hoped I should get better now Mr. Raynor was attending me again, but Rosaline stopped it. Mr. Raynor was nothing to Blase, she said: better not name him at all. Upon that, I asked her why she did not write the letter herself instead of me—for she never will write to him. However, you were not mentioned, sir."

"What is his object in coming to London?" repeated Frank, unable to get the one important point out of his mind.

"I'd not wonder but it's Rosaline," said Dame Bell shrewdly. "Blase has wanted to make up to her this many a day; but——"

"What an idiot the man must be!" struck in Frank.

"But she will not have anything to say to him, I was going to add," concluded Dame Bell. "Why should you call him an idiot, Mr. Frank?"

"He must be one, if he think he can persuade Rosaline to like him. See how ugly he is!"

"She might do worse, sir. I don't say Blase is handsome: he is not: but he is comely. If men and women were all chose by their looks, Mr. Frank, a good many would go unmarried. Blase Pellet is putting by money: he will be setting up for himself some day; and he would make her a good husband."

"Do you tell your daughter that he would?" asked Frank.

"Rosaline will not let me tell her, sir. I say to her sometimes that she seems frightened at hearing the young man's very name mentioned: just as though it would bring her disgrace. But she's not, that I think."

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EDUCATED FLEAS.

A SINGULAR PERFORMANCE.

It was not easy to believe the stories which have been told about educated fleas, how they had been taught to draw carriages, ride in them, dressed as ladies and gentlemen, dance, and do many other things very astonishing for a flea to perform.

But now we have seen their performances. A few days ago an Italian was in Philadelphia with his large company of performing fleas, and we visited the exhibition.

There the little creatures were, alive and kicking, and not dressed up, but just after the manner of unruly, ill-mannered fleas. They had been taught, so the exhibitor said, to walk instead of skipping. How this part of their education was conducted we will tell further on: first let us describe something of the feats they performed.

There were numbers of them harnessed to vehicles of various kinds; not very large carriages, but a great deal larger than themselves. One pair drew a little buggy wagon about as large as half a peanut shell. In which were sitting a lady and gentleman flea. The lady held a parasol, the gentleman flourished a tiny whip, about the thickness of a horsehair; that is they appeared to hold these articles, but really the whip and the parasol were fastened to their legs, by fine silken threads, and the insects were partly encased with what looked like tin foil, so that they could be kept upright on the seat of the carriage: thus their good behavior was made sure.

One little Sampson of a flea drew a small street car, said to weigh about 900 times more than himself, and judging from the comparative size of the two, it looked quite probable. A man of average size weighs say 140 pounds. Suppose he were as strong as this flea in proportion to his size; he would be able to pull a load of sixty-three tons! No such Sampson as that is living on this earth.

Two of these little creatures were mounted on little pedestals, facing each other. Each had a tiny steel blade attached to his legs, and they cut and slashed at each other like two swordsmen fighting a duel.

One performer pulled at a little chain which passed over a wheel and in this way drew up a small bucket from a little well.

The most curious sight was a band of flea musicians, fifteen in number, each with a tiny instrument, such as violin, bass viol, cornet, cymbals, etc., etc. The fleas were fixed so as to stand upright, the little instruments of proper size being attached to their legs. They occupied a miniature platform about six inches long, which was raised above a magnificent ball-room floor, about eight inches long and four inches wide. On this floor two couples were seen, with hands joined. The whole was placed upon a large music box, and when this began to play, the little musicians went through the motions of performing on their instruments, and the dancers on the floor circled around each other in a flea-waltz.

It seems very astonishing that fleas could be taught to do anything of the kind. In reality, however, the chief difficulty is not in making the very delicate little apparatus which must be used to fit these small insects. The exhibitor showed how the wild fleas were tamed. A small circular cage about the size of a twenty-five cent piece, made of thin glass, with thin gauze sides, is placed so as to revolve like the wheel of a squirrel's cage. The flea is placed in this, and naturally hops about very lively, to get out; but each skip he makes only gives him a blow on the head against the glass. After trying this for a few days, he gets the idea knocked into his head, that hopping is not the best way to travel, and so he contents himself with simply crawling about. When he has learned this gait, and is broken of his nervous jumps, his education is complete. Nothing more is necessary but to attach to him the various things on which he is to perform, in such a way that when he moves his legs to walk, he will set these things in motion. He will start off whenever he is disturbed, so that the playing of the music-box or drumming on the table will at once set him to work.

We are not at all certain that the training in the cage is necessary, as the little fellow is so much used to it by his previous that he does not seem to have entirely free use of his limbs.

The ways in which he is harnessed, or dressed, and the various articles for exhibition are attached to him, and the workmanship on these almost microscopic objects are really marvels of ingenuity, skill and patience. So little, although the flea cannot have much credit as an apt scholar, the exhibition is very curious and entertaining as showing what a skillful workman can accomplish.

GOOD JOCKO.

Jocko was a monkey on board of a ship on which Lady Verney of England was passenger. He was very much petted by the sailors, but did not seem to have those bad traits which some monkeys have.

The sailors liked him much, they never treated him roughly; and he repaid them with love in return.

On board of the ship was a spaniel with her four young puppies. At first she did not like Jocko at all, and would not let him come near the puppies, but she and her young ones were kept. She would show so much anger, that Jocko would keep away, and go to his friends, the sailors.

But Jocko had a great desire to see and pet the pups as some little girls have to play with the babies. So one day, when the mother spaniel was not present, Jocko went down to the place where the pups cuddled together. Then taking them up in his arms, he held them, and petted them, just as if they were his own children.

While he was thus engaged, the spaniel came in, and to her great surprise saw her children in the arms of their nurse. Instead of being angry, she was so much pleased that, from that time forth, she treated Jocko with great fondness. Often she would leave him to take care of her pups while she went off to walk about the ship.

Breaking bad news is like half-cutting your throat before you are hanged, making you die two deaths instead of one.

To worship is to a woman always sweeter than to be worshipped. To worship, one must look up; to be worshipped, one must look down.

THE PERILS OF MONT BLANC.

A TRAVELLER'S NARRATIVE.

We had ascended Mont Blanc to a height where most travelers are willing and anxious to turn back to the world below; but I was young and ambitious, and foolishly eager to reach that awfully sublime elevation which so few have ever attained, and in attempting which so many have lost their lives.

"Well, master," said the principal guide, to whom I had previously made known my desire, "what say you now?"

"Forward," cried I, with romantic enthusiasm, "to all that man may dare."

"Have you laid your life in the balance with your wish?" he asked.

"I have considered everything," I replied. "Then forward it is, for victory or death!"

He then proceeded to hold a consultation with the other guides, and I to take leave of my friends.

Five mountaineers, including the chief guide, decided to accompany me; and, securing ourselves to each other by strong ropes, so that a slip or mis-step of one might not prove fatal to him, we set out, each carrying his knapsack of provisions strapped to his back, and in his hand a long balancing pole, with a hook at one end, and a steel point at the other, to assist his footing along dizzy ledges and over yawning chasms, whose awful depths could not be penetrated by human eye.

Every step of our progress required labor and care, and some of our exploits, as I remember them, savor more of romance than reality. It was no unusual thing for us to pull ourselves up by our hands from one crag of ice to another, and lower ourselves over some abyss in the same manner; or crawl along some narrow, slippery ledge, on our hands and knees, with a sheer descent on either side of us of a thousand feet.

At length we came to a perpendicular wall of ice, some twenty-five or thirty-six feet in height, over which we must pass direct, or abandon our purpose. We examined it on all sides, but found nothing better than that which directly faced us. How could we surmount the difficulty?

"If we go forward, we must climb this precipice of ice—there is no alternative!" at length said the chief guide, turning to me.

"Can it be done?" I inquired.

"That is a question best answered by trying," he replied. "It is difficult and dangerous, but I think it is feasible."

He then held a short consultation with his companions, and proceeded to the work. He cut places for his hands and feet, and climbing up by means of these, out others still higher, his comrades steadying him and supporting him as long as they could reach. He then came down, and had one of the poles fastened to his dress, so that they could keep him from losing his balance. In this manner he slowly worked his way up, up, till the pole became too short, when he came down and treated his pole another way being made fast to it. Once more he returned to the work, and soon after he accomplished the bold feat, and stood upon the slippery summit.

The rest of us now disengaged ourselves from the rope, by which, as I have mentioned, we were all connected together, and two others ascended in the same manner as the first, one of them taking the rope up with him. They now told me it was best for me to go up while there were some below and some above to assist me; and to prevent any accident happening through my inexperience, the rope was lowered and fastened around my body, and, as fast as I ascended, the slack was taken in by those above. When a little more than half-way from the base to the top one of my feet suddenly slipped, and my body partly swung round. I grasped firmly with my hands; and the tightening of the rope, with the assistance of the pole pressing in between my shoulders, kept me from swinging clear, and consequently from dashing my brains on the rough ice below—for the pole could not have supported my weight, and those above would have been compelled to let go the rope to save themselves from being dragged over the precipice. The event gave my nervous system a fearful shock, and in an instant I was in a perspiration, cold as it was. I finally got to the top in safety, but felt so weak and trembling that for some minutes I sat down on the ice to recover my composure. The others, meantime, made the ascent without accident.

We now set forward again, and for some time met with only minor obstacles, which were readily overcome. Towards sunset we came in sight of a sharp-pointed rocks, lifting their bare heads in solemn grandeur above the surrounding snow and ice. These were called the Grand and Petit Mulets, and occupied a position little more than half-way up the mountain.

"There is the spot," said Gougion, the principal guide, pointing to the larger of these two rocks, "where, if Heaven favors us, we shall pass the coming night."

As we drew near this rock, I was led to think heaven would not favor us in reaching that dangerous point; for we were suddenly stopped by a wide, black chasm, that made me giddy to look into. This ran along the base of the rock, and completely cut off the approach—nor could we discover any means of getting over it. We could not descend into it and come out alive, and nowhere could we perceive the usual bridge of ice or snow by which we had crossed other similar gulfs.

"The last time I was here," said Gougion, "there was a narrow wall of ice sloping upwards on the opposite chasm, on which I cut steps and advanced, at a great risk of life; but now even that is gone—melted away, perhaps—and so, for all that I can see, our upward journey terminates here."

I was disappointed, I confess, for I had set my heart on standing upon the very pinnacle of Mont Blanc, and feeling that nothing in this world had ever gone up higher.

"As constant changes are going on," remarked the chief guide, "perhaps by this time next year this gulf will be bridged over."

"Ay, perhaps!" I answered moodily.

As it was now too late in the day to retrace our steps to find some sheltered spot where we could pass the cold night. We went back some distance, to a crevice which ran around under a huge rock that was in turn heavily overlaid with snow and ice. This was perhaps as comfortable a place as we could find: for here the wind could not reach us, and the overhanging rock would shelter us from the storm, in case one should come up suddenly, which was not an unusual thing in that region. For myself, I did not like the idea of spending the night there, for I fancied there was danger of being buried under the avalanche; but, for that matter, there was danger of some kind in every other spot, and, perhaps, after all, we should be as safe there as anywhere.

Wrapping myself up as warmly as I could I passed the first half of the night in walking up and along a little, narrow ledge, occasionally exchanging a word with some of the guides, but most of the time brooding, in sullen silence, over my disappointment. At last, feeling very much fatigued, I went away some distance from the others, and sat down; but finding after a few minutes, that I was becoming very drowsy, and likely to fall suddenly asleep, which I did not think was prudent, I arose, with the intention of returning to the guides, and keeping myself awake with conversation.

But scarcely had I taken one step forward, when I stopped, and felt my hair rise with horror. I heard a strange sound, more like the distant purring of some animal than anything else I can liken it too, and at the same moment there was a slight vibration or quiver of the ground under me. I cannot tell why, for I had never experienced anything of the kind before; but at once, as if by instinct, I seemed to know it was a decending avalanche, and descending, too, from far above, probably to overwhelm and bury me forever.

Quickly the sound changed, and deepened in volume, and soon became a hissing roar, fairly shaking the ground beneath me; and then my mind was whirled away from self to the dearly beloved ones at home.

Suddenly, there was a strange rush and oppression of air—a cl ud of darkness seemed to settle over me. The hissing rose and subsided with a terrible crash, and a silence succeeded, so deep and deadly, that it appeared more awful than a thousand thunders.

But the appalling crisis was over, and I was still alive. I thanked heaven for it, and shouted to my companions in peril. No answer! I shouted again. No response! I started to go to them, and three paces brought me against a wall of ice and snow. I recoiled in horror, and comprehended that they might be no longer among the living. I turned and ran the other way, trembling with fear. Six paces brought me against another wall of ice and snow! It was over me—around me—over every side of me! I was buried alive! I shrieked at the dreadful conviction—my brain reeled, and I fell.

It would be useless for me to attempt to paint the horrors of that night, after recovering my consciousness.

When morning once more dawned, to my great surprise, and, I scarcely need add, rapturous joy, I beheld the light enter into my chamber through an aperture about the size of my body, and only a few feet above my head. I easily doubled to it, crawled through, and once more stood in the living world.

A tremendous avalanche had fallen; but I had only been caught by a light portion of the extreme left, and been saved by the overhanging rock, which fortunately had not been displaced in the downward rush of this mountain of ice and snow. Not so the poor guides. They were further to the right, and they were probably crushed to death. At least, they were gone, and no mortal ever beheld them more.

How I found my way down that awful mountain, alone and unaided, I hardly know. Even now, I can scarcely realize that I actually made my way past many dangers and escaped with life. On three occasions, in sliding down the hills of ice, I was sent to the very verge of an awful gulf, and saved, as it were, by a miracle; and three times, in lowering myself down the slippery precipices, I lost my hold, and fell a distance that would have killed most men. And yet not a bone was broken. I was much bruised, however; and once I was so stunned that I knew nothing for an hour. But heaven, in its mercy, saw proper to give me back to the world, and save me from the awful fate of my companions in peril.

THE WISDOM OF EGYPT.

Great must have been the wisdom of that ancient land, for it is spoken of in the book of sacred truth—the volume of wisdom. But of the numerous parchments, and vast libraries, alas! but few pages have come down to us. There are three or four manuscripts on papyrus, still extant, that were taken from the tombs; they are of great interest to all, and especially to the biblical students, as they are corroborative of portions of Bible history. The most interesting and the largest of these is now in the British Museum. Besides these, we have a few pages of Manetho, the Egyptian historian. Of the forty-two sacred books they once possessed, but one remains; it was called the book of the dead; containg a description of the trial of a departed soul. It is represented as on a journey, accompanied with prayers and confessions. Forty-two gods occupy the judgment seat. Osiris presides; and before him are the scales, in one of which he places his heart, and in the other, the feather of truth. As soon as his breath gave out, and he commenced to blow heavily, he was surprised to find himself discharging a succession of iron balls at his opponent's head. The moisture from the latter's mouth froze instantaneously, and every time he parried he struck his friend on the nose with a block of ice. The latter threw down the gloves, and told him if he wanted to box, to play fair, but that he was not going to stand up and have the Arctic regions thrown at him in that way.

A MAZON with more money than brains was recently induced to take a move to the west [illegible]. On the journey he fell in with much walking and many cartridges, he managed to kill five bruce, whereat, feeling disgusted, he resolved to return to his native shores; but, before going, he sent for the interviewer, and told him that he had gotten a good deal of information out of him. "Then," replied the native, plucking up courage, "praised be the name of Allah, that we were the means of them!"

The Detroit *Free Press* relates how, when a [illegible] woman asked Brother Darden if the sight of a minoe pie didn't make his mouth water, he replied: "Sar was a time when I did. In dose gran' ole days oh long ago, when dey built mince pies ouch'mat, applejbrandy an' spices, dar was a successive rankering to get up clus to a mince pie. But in dese days, when dey put up mince meat, apple-br

THE FASHIONS.

Although Lent has set a seal upon the gaieties of the fashionable world small evening receptions without dancing still entertain the young and quiet, though elegant dinner parties enliven their elders. A fancy for subdued parties, invisible blues and greens, prevails in Paris the place of all others where appropriateness of costume to the occasion is observed. A charming dress for one of those mild evening reunions is shown. It is composed of silk and velvet and is quaintly termed

LA SERIEUSE.

The silk forming the over skirt is of a pale grey. The skirt is cut en train, and has a box pleated frill around the bottom, two and a half inches deep. Two wide bands of violet colored velvet each four and a half inches wide, cross the front and side widths of the dress. The lower one is placed three quarters of a yard above the edge of the skirt. These bands do not cover the box pleating, which is laid at the belt in a great triple pleat under which the ends of the bands are concealed. The upper part of this plait six or seven inches below the belt is caught together with a bow and ends of velvet which seem from the manner of setting on to be but a continuation of the upper velvet band which crosses the skirt in front. A sleeveless corsage of velvet, cut square in the neck and having square pointed ends back and front, is worn with sleeves of the silk to match the skirt. These sleeves are plain fitting to just below the elbow, pendant from thence are pleated ruffles of velvet one on each sleeve, headed by an inch band of velvet. With in those ruffles are *crepe lisse* ones. A double ruche of *crepe lisse* is sewed to the square neck flog collar of violet velvet with pearl cross pendant. The hair is also tied low down on the neck with a violet velvet ribbon. Long gloves of grey kid stitched in violet and in lieu of bracelets two bands of violet velvet encircle the wrists, and are clasped with pearl.

Could anything more charming, or truly French? be suggested than this modest yet elegant costume. Notice the absence of all glittering jewelry—a "pearl cross" charge of pearl" alone being used.

We greatly admire a

BLACK SILK SUIT,

shown by one of our leading houses, and very recently imported. The underskirt has a demi train and is trimmed with, first, a narrow knife pleating, then a twelve inch bias pleated flounce. The overdress was cut pelerine fashion, and possesses some new features. The back was so arranged as to have jaunty postillion basque skirts set in to small pleats, four on a side, all turning towards the centre. Under this the skirt of the polonaise for a quarter of a yard had a simulated opening produced by buttons being sewed on and imitation button holes made with soutache. The front was laid in upturned pleats for a half yard from the bottom, the pleats being small. The opening was double breasted closing from right to left and reuniting diagonally down until the opening was ended on the left side half way from the lower edge of the skirt.

The sleeves were double having a tight fitting coat sleeve first, and then a loose open vention sleeve, cut open from the shoulders and lined with fine Marseilles silk. A fine knife pleating in three rows trimmed the under sleeve, but the drawing sleeve had only a bias of silk sewed on each side. A round standing collar finished the neck. A deep pointed pocket was placed low down on the left side, moderately large crochet buttons closed the front.

Large brimmed felt hats with only the front turned back and held in place by a handsome steel buckle, are affected by round faced beauties.

THE HAIR

is worn by many in an elegant simplicity especially if abundant. Four heavy coils are tied low down on the neck in the back. The front hair is waved parted on the side one wave brought low on the brow and taken back, where with the rest of the front hair a roll is formed and held in place by a high ornamental comb. A bow of ribbon or velvet matching the piece, tying the curls is placed high upon the left side.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Small jabots of *crepe lisse* with a silk thread in the edges are worn.

Brown and blue stockings with silk clocks are much worn.

The new hats have the crown encircled with wreaths of leaves with seed vessels pendant or else wreaths of half open flowers with buds perched.

All of the fashionable hats have the seam up the middle of the top.

Dark green and light reds are in great demand now. March winds are soaring in and bringing tan and sunburn upon their bluster ing wings.

Embroidered hair are among the novelties.

Tiny canes carry grace much worn.

Loose double breasted jackets are worn for equestrian excursions now, instead of the tight fitting waist so long in use.

Thumb ring and gloves are en regle for mourning and stopping excursions.

The fashions of wearing the hair low on the brow is so prevalent that fake fronts are in very general use. They are artistically made however and are easily adjusted.

Evening corsages must be laced up in the back

Velvet enters largely into combination with woolen and silk materials designed for spring costumes.

Pronounced bustles are not worn in Paris and should not be here as they give a most ungraceful appearance to the drapery of the lady's skirts.

Cream colored hats are much in vogue now in this intermediate season.

Thanks are due Messrs. Homer & Coddaby for information received.

GIRLS WORK TABLE

Our School Apron has been so much admired, we offer a companion garment, a morning dress for little girls of from four to eight years of age. It is called

THE INFANTA DRESS.

The front is cut on straight fashion, and is loose opening down the centre and fastening with buttons. The back is buttonless to about three or four inches below the waist where the skirt is set in either in plaits or gathers. For wash goods we commend the latter, for woolen goods the former. If gathers are used the French gathering should be preferred, a single row, giving finish to the skirt. A band of the material made to waist goods, or of silk, if trimming is desired, is put on each side of the opening of the skirt and waist portion. To each a toy pocket is added, set back within, low down. Two pockets are placed on each side farther on, these at about the arm seye. A little collar of the same finishes the neck. A narrow ruffle either plaited or gathered edges the front and three side widths and is carried up the sides. We recommend this pattern having used it, and find it looks tastily, and if of wash goods is sanitarily well.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS

MRS. Thomas Kirkwood.—If. Received your note and attended to the commission.

ANNA RIVERS.—If. The pen shall be used to get white invitation enough to put new notes on and knife jottings are to be avoided. The sash you have will be very well for a morning dress, but not a bonnet ring. Hope spring, from wild rose and daisy buds. Pink for face trimming.

LIZZIE and Bell, New Orleans. The fine organdies were in your estimate rare. Is procured here if you wish. In fact there is very little that you cannot get in Philadelphia shops. The braids you speak of will cost a great deal if you especially desire all long hair.

TIMID LUCY.—Clinton Onio.—You had better go by all means if your mother wishes it and wear white Swiss or French muslin. Belts of ribbon are not now worn. Clusters of flowers looping your skirts and worn on your bosom and hair will be pretty.

NIXON

THE DAYS OF LONG AGO.

BY D. FRANK TAYLOR.

The present hour that seem to be
A season of delight,
Its smiles may seem to tell of glee,
To some the fair and bright.
But tis not like the hours of yore,
Whose lights no longer glow.
Those happy times that come no more,
The days of long ago.

For oh, the hearts that loved us then,
Are now no longer here;
We cannot call them back again,
For all they were, we hear.
The lips that smiled, the eyes that shone,
With fondest affections glow,
Forever from our lip have flown,
With days of long ago.

Alas! there is no magic power,
To us that can restore
The radiance of that vanished hour,
That smiles again no more.
Since we walk life's weary way,
And sigh, because we must,
No more your hours shall, sad, faded ray,
Bear days of long ago.

It may be we shall meet again,
Beyond the gloomy grave,
The dear ones, whom we seek in vain,
Amid the realms of light.
Each flower of love, no fragile here,
Again may live and glow
And all the joys we've had may reappear,
The days of long ago.

THE OLD GUIDE'S STORY.

AN INCIDENT OF SOUTH AFRICA.

I remember, ten years ago, or thereabouts, that I encamped by a lake very much like the one now before us, but it was not in this country. It was to the east-ward, near the Caffrarian mountains. I had been engaged by a party of Portuguese to guide them from the coast up into the country towards the homes of the Bechuanas, to where a Caffr mission had been established. There were in the party two priests, called Father Anselmo and Father Ambrose, and four merchants. I told them that they were going to travel a dangerous road, for the Caffres had been at war with the English, and had a deadly hatred of all white men. But the two priests were not to be put off. They said that they were at work for a heavenly master, and their work must be done. As for the merchants, I could understand them easily. They were going with their missionaries in the hope of making large sums of money. The priests were really the leaders of the expedition; but one of the merchants, a large, powerful man, called Don Gomez, assumed control of affairs. They had six Hottentot servants whom we started, but before we had traveled a week four of these Hottentots deserted.

In two days we had passed the mountains, to the great basin where the water commences to flow to the west; and on the afternoon of the twenty-first day we encamped in a place very much like this. As yet we had met with no trouble, and the merchants laughed when I spoke of the Caffres. I told them if the Caffres did not come they might laugh in safety; and I, too, they might laugh if they could, if the Caffres did come. I knew that the men of the Caffre land were mad and bloodthirsty. The English had made war upon them, and they were ready to take vengeance upon all white men. And one thing more I told the Portuguese. The Caffre warriors were not children. They were strong and powerful, and knew how to use their strength.

It was almost sundown when our camp was fixed by the side of the lake, and while Don Gomez and his men set about preparing supper, I helped to take care of the oxen. We had no wagons, the goods being carried by the oxen in packs. As I led some of the animals down to the water to drink, I saw fresh foot-prints in the sand. They were large, strong prints, and I knew that Caffre men had made them. And this was not all I discovered. I found a broken arrow and a spot of fresh blood, with feathers scattered about upon the sand, as though a bird had been shot there. These marks had not been made long before, for if Caffres had made them, then I did not believe the Caffres could be far away. I led my oxen back to the tether, and brought down some more to the water, and this time I ran my eyes carefully over the shores of the lake. I had not been mistaken. Upon the opposite side I plainly saw men moving in the bushes. I made no sign, but pretended to be busy with my watering my oxen; yet I kept my eye upon the suspicious spot, and ere long saw a huge Caffre warrior, upon his hands and knees, looking earnestly to ward us. He was creeping.

As I walked back to the tether I thought the matter over, and was not long in coming to a conclusion. In the first place there was a party of Caffres upon the opposite side of the lake, and the very fact that they kept themselves concealed was proof enough that they meant mischief. That was to be done I knew not. In the judgment of the merchants I had little confidence. Father Ambrose, the elder of the two priests, was the man to advise with. I drew him apart, as though I was going to look out an ox, and when we were far enough away, I told him what I had seen. He was very thoughtful, but did not seem to be frightened; and I soon found that he knew as much of the Caffres as I did. He told me to wait while he went down to the water, and not to speak of the matter to any of the others. He went to the pack and took out an old shirt, and then carried down to the water to wash. He worked away as long as he thought necessary, and then he came back and joined me again.

"You are right," said he to me. "There are Caffre men hidden beyond the lake, and I have seen some of them. They are warriors, and are of a savage tribe, and I know that they mean to attack us. How can we escape them?"

I shook my head.

"I have said that to be no use in fleeing," he continued, "for they would surely overtake us. We might, possibly, save ourselves by leaving all our property behind, but we must be destitute."

And then he asked me what I thought.

I told him that we had got to meet the Caffres at some time, and I thought we had better do it now, by day, than by night, for then we could see them coming. He thought the same.

"There cannot be many of them," he said, "or they would have attacked us ere this. Let us be active and prepare."

Of course this seemed reasonable, though I had not myself thought of it before. After consulting awhile longer, Father Anselmo was called in. He trembled when he heard the news, but said he was ready to do his part.

The four merchants were anxious for their valuables, and they set upon the priests to hurry up. The cloth was spread by the side of some bushes, and while the others were eating, Father Ambrose directed me to see that a couple of firearms a-piece were fully loaded. We had arms enough—as many as we could possibly use; and when I had seen that they were all ready, I went back to the eating cloth, where I found the old priest just explaining to the merchants what had been discovered. At first, three of them were for instant flight, but Don Gomez soon put that idea out of their heads. However, they were not cowards—if they had been, they would never have ventured into that country; and it was finally arranged that we would make a bold fight of it under the lead of Don Gomez. The two remaining Hottentot servants were given over to me, and I promptly promoted them to stand by us. Their first inclination was to make off, but when I intimated to them that they would get a bullet in the back if they turned to leave us, they thought it best to remain.

As soon as we had eaten our supper we moved our packs all out into an open space, and when it was fairly dark we threw our blankets down upon the ground, close by them. After this we took our station behind a clump of bushes, where we had planted to wait for the Caffres. We had two rifles each, and four of those, in the hands of the merchants, were double-barrelled. We had also pistols and swords. The two servants, in addition to their rifles, had long bear-spears, which they could use with much dexterity.

We had not to wait a great while for the coming of the Caffres. Scarcely half an hour after we had taken our stations we could see some dark objects moving upon the shore of the lake. There was a very small moon, just long enough after the tops of the trees, and it gave light enough to help us very much. Had the enemy waited half an hour longer they would have gained an advantage by it; but they probably thought they had us surely enough, and wanted the light to help them. In a little while they were lost to our sight behind the trees below, but I knew that they were there, and when we saw them again they were within a hundred yards of us, with nothing but open ground between us. There were eighteen of them, and all of them were powerful warriors—armed with clubs and spears. They stopped a few seconds when they came in sight of our camp, and Don Gomez came to me and asked me to speak to me, when they sent forth a shout, like the roar of bull buffaloes, and dashed towards the spot where our packs were piled up.

The thicket in which we were posted was upon one side of the opening, and about twenty yards from the packs. As the shout of the Caffres broke upon the air, Don Gomez gave the word for us to fire. We poured in a well-directed volley upon the marauders, and they stopped in their headlong course, and their war shouts were changed to yells and shrieks of surprise and pain. Before they could fairly make up their minds upon this unexpected turn of affairs, we had aimed our second lot of rifles, and another volley was fired, two upon two. Then we fired the first time, that some of the Caffres had fallen; and I know that this second discharge must have taken down more of them. The merchants, who had the double-barrelled rifles, fired four shots at random, for the smoke from our second discharge lay thick upon the earth for some time, entirely shutting out our enemy.

From what I know of the Caffre character, I supposed that the rascals would draw off at this second fire; but in this I was mistaken. While yet the smoke lay like a dense cloud between us, one of them, who was probably their chief, sent forth a terrific shout, which was answered by a number of others, and in a moment more as many as a dozen of them came rushing through the smoke, with their spears aimed directly towards us. They had discovered our cover, and were bound to make an assault. They were not more cushioned that we had to deal with then. They were as brave and resolute as any people of Africa, and they had been schooled in war for years.

It was fortunate for us that Don Gomez was cooler and braver than I had taken him to be. When he saw this movement of the Caffres, he leaped to his feet, and ordered us to do the same. Then he told us to leave our empty rifles, and take our pistols. As he spoke he sprang forward from the thicket, and ran round so as to come upon the enemy's flank. His followers compactly followed closely, while the two priests and myself brought up the rear, pushing the two servants ahead of us. The Caffres were charging upon the bushes, thrusting their spears into the cover, when we came out upon their side; and before they could fairly turn we had discharged our first battery of pistols, including another ball or two in reserve. The Don ordered us to keep the other pistols till we should come to close quarters.

This new fire seemed to startle the Caffres, and they hesitated as they turned toward us. Don Gomez saw his advantage, and with a loaded pistol in one hand, and a sword in the other, he gave the order to charge, which we followed. I think I knew but that those Portuguese merchants yelled as loud as the savages did. At any rate, they sent forth a terrific war-cry as they dashed upon the enemy, and I will be bound to say frightened them. In fact, I felt a strange impulse of utter fearlessness at that moment. I yelled with all my might, and when I discharged my pistol, I had the satisfaction of knowing that I had subtracted one from the number of our enemies. And that was the last fighting I had to do on that occasion.

The Caffres had been taken by surprise before, but I had never seen anything to equal the manner in which Don Gomez used his sword. I had thought him to be the most powerful man I had on the party, and I was him a perfect lion. Three spears were aimed at him as he advanced, and he cut them in twain as though they had been reeds. Another he wrenched from its owner, and cut down three Caffres in quick succession. And Father Ambrose was not a coward. I saw him bow down two of the enemy, and I know that he had done it, I heard him muttering a prayer.

Four of the Caffres lived to run away before our eyes. Don Gomez started to give chase, but they plunged into the lake, and he let them go. By a strange mercy not one of the merchants were wounded. One of them got a spear-thrust in the thigh, and the other had an ugly wound in the arm; but the old priest doctored them, and they finally got well. In the morning we had the labor of burying the dead Caffres, so that there must have been six escaped; for I knew that I counted eighteen of them at first. However, we went on our way without further molestation, and Don Gomez made me a present of a fine rifle in consideration of the danger I had incurred on account of himself and friends.

PIZARRO, THE CONQUEROR OF PERU

Time, the farmers of Spain let their pigs roam in large droves in the forests, attended by a boy, who kept them from wandering too far and drove them at night to an enclosure near home. Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru was one of these. He was born at Trujillo, which is covered America, in 1492. He was then seventeen years of age; a rude, tough, wild lad, ignorant of everything except the management of swine and the animals he drove. To his dying day he could not write his name, nor read a sentence.

One day a pig strayed from the herd, and could not be found. Pizarro, dreading his father's anger, dared not go home. He made his way to a recruiting station, enlisted in the Spanish army as a private soldier, and served for a while in Italy. Attracted by the marvels related of the New World, and being naturally fond of adventure, he, too, joined at length an expedition to America, and arriving at Hispaniola, served under Columbus and soon won distinction.

From his landing in America, to the time of his setting out for Peru, fourteen years elapsed, during which he was employed in matters there was not of difficulty or peril. Having done good service with Columbus in Hispaniola, he took part in the conquest and exploration of Cuba. Under Balboa he climbed the mountains of the Isthmus of Darien, and was with him when first he beheld the Pacific Ocean, and ran down into its waters exulting, and taking possession of it in the name of the King of Spain. He assisted in the conquest of the Isthmus, and in the foundation of the city of Panama.

In 1524, Pizarro was residing at Panama, a bronzed and battered veteran, fifty years of age, retired from the service, cultivating, with the aid of a few slaves, a small plantation. After so many years of hard service, he was still far from rich. There was also living at Panama another soldier of fortune, Diego Almagro, a little older, and not much richer than Pizarro. Likewise, Fernando de Luques, an aged priest and schoolmaster, who was a man of considerable wealth. These *three men*, the youngest of whom was fifty, conceived the project of conquering the powerful and and wealthy tribes that were supposed to inhabit the western coasts of South America. They were to do this by their own resources, asking nothing from the Governor of Panama, except his sanction of the enterprise. Pizarro was to command the first body of adventurers. Almagro was to raise as soon as he could, a second company, and join Pizarro on the coast; the priest was to remain at Panama to watch over the interests of the partnership.

The confederates having bought a ship, and enrolled a hundred and fourteen men, Pizarro se sail, and ran down the coast for some hundreds of miles; landed, now and then; ascended some rivers; had a fierce conflict with natives, in which he was beaten and put to flight; suffered extremely from hunger, had fever, ceaseless rains, fatigue and wounds; and, after three months of hardship, and losing eleven men, sought refuge on an island off the coast of Ecuador.

Joined there by Almagro, with sixty-four men, he resumed his attempt to get footing upon the mainland. Some slight success cheered him now at length; for, in a village which they surprised, they found a supply of provisions, and a large quantity of gold. But this gossi fortune only lured them on to new failings, and brought upon them sufferings beyond mortal power to endure. When one hundred and forty-one men, out of one hundred and seventy-eight, had sunk under fatigue, privation, and the poisoned arrows of the Indians, the rest demanded to return to Panama.

Pizarro would not consent. He calmed the discontent of his men, and sent Almagro back to Panama for reinforcements. The tale of the sufferings of the adventurers had such an effect at Panama, that Almagro could only induce eighty recruits to follow him.

Strengthened by this body, Pizarro renewed his endeavors, and, at length, reached the fert le and populous empire of Peru. Every inhabitant wore ornaments of gold, and vessels of the precious metals were seen in every house.

The Spaniards, inflamed at the sight of the treasures, attacked the Peruvian troops. but, after several severe and disastrous encounters, Pizarro perceived that a country inhabited by millions of people, and defended by disciplined armies, could not be conquered by a hundred men, and he began to withdrew to an island on the coast, and again sent Almagro to Panama for more troops.

But now the Governor of Panama interfered. The great quantity of gold exhibited by Almagro could not shake his determination to order Pizarro home; and, accordingly, Almagro returned, bearing an order to Pizarro to abandon the enterprise.

On receiving this order, Pizarro refused to obey it. A tumult arose. His followers ran down to the beach, and set to work to get the vessel to Panama. Pizarro joined them, gathered them around him, and drawing a line in the sand with his sword addressed them thus:

"Comrades, on that side," pointing to the south, "are toil, hunger, nakedness, the drenching storm, battle and death. On this side," pointing to the north, "are ease and safety. But on that side lies Peru, with its wealth. On this side is Panama and its poverty. Choose, each man, what best becomes a brave Castilian. For my part I go to the south."

Having said these words, he stepped to the southern side of the line, and there stood eyeing the men coldly. Twelve soldiers, one priest, and one muleteer, joined him. The rest went on board the ship and returned to Panama.

With these fourteen companions he withdrew to a rocky island, and there remained five months, waiting for Almagro to join him with reinforcements. Their provisions being consumed, they lived upon shell-fish, seaweed, reptiles, and very wild savages and ish water from the hollows of the rocks. At length, to their inexpressible joy, a sail hove in sight. It was a ship sent by Almagro, not to reinforce the confederate, but to bring him back to Panama. The indomitable Pizarro, however, so wrought upon the cupidity of the captain of this vessel, that he induced him to join him in continuing his explorations. Once more their eyes were dazzled, and their passions kindled by the evidences of the boundless wealth of Peru; but Pizarro, by the exhibition alone of strength and discipline, that Pizarro, himself, perceived that, for the conquest of such a country, a sevre of exhausted men would not suffice. He sailed back to Panama to organize the enterprise anew. He reached that capital after an absence of three years.

He was now without resources—a ruined man—and the Governor placed an absolute veto upon any farther attempt to conquer Peru. Pizarro, still undaunted, borrowed a small sum, and, accompanied by Spain, made his way to the Court of Charles V, told that able monarch what he had done and seen, and asked his aid and authorization to prosecute his designs. The Emperor gave him the fullest authority, raised him to the rank of noble, and supplied him with a part of the money required.

In January, 1531, the fifty-seventh year of his age, with three ships, one hundred and thirty-four Sod soldiers and thirty-six cavalry, he sailed from Panama. Joined on the coast of Peru by several of the Emperor horsemen and twelve infantry, he hesitated not to march into the interior and confront a large army of Peruvians, commanded by the king himself, whom Pizarro ordered his artillery to open, a short but desperate battle ensued. Rushing, himself, upon the litter of the Inca, Pizarro overturned it and took the monarch prisoner. Then the Peruvians fled, leaving behind them their king, two thousand killed, three thousand prisoners, and an immense booty. Pizarro was wounded in the hand, but he lost not a man of his little army.

This single battle made Pizarro master of Peru, which he ruled for the next eight years, with sovereign away. How he ruled it, every schoolboy knows. He betrayed and killed the captive Inca. He quarrelled with Almagro over the division of the spoils, and finished by putting him to death. He accumulated a greater amount of treasure than was ever possessed, before or since, by an individual. Spoiled by prosperity without parallel, he was cruel to the Peruvians, capricious and tyrannical to the Spaniards, and, at length, a rebel against his king. A conspiracy, headed by the son of the deceased Almagro, was formed against him. On a Sunday afternoon, in 1541, at the hour when the tyrant was accustomed to sleep, a band of the confederates burst into his palace, killed or dispersed his servants, and attacked him. Armed only with a sword and buckler, he defended himself with the most desperate courage. Four of his assailants he slew; five more he wounded; and he still fought on. At last, one of the band engaged him and his attention from the rest; and while Pizarro dealt a furious blow at his chief assailant, the others succeeded in giving him a mortal wound.

So perished, in his sixty-eighth year, the man who was, perhaps, the most resolute of all the sons of men. In mere strength of purpose, it is questionable if his equal ever lived; but, though this is one of the most valuable of qualities, and even stupidities very great things, a man must have much more in order to turn to good account the prizes won by it than is usually to little more than a magnificently gifted brute.

A ROYAL CHAIR.

A curious story is being told in Paris about an arm-chair which has been bequeathed by an old woman who has just died in one of the almshouses there, to the Louvre for the collection of curiosities in the Museum of Sovereigns. This arm-chair was presented more than a century ago to the Empress Maria Theresa, who had it placed in her boudoir. At her death, and in compliance with her express injunctions, it was sent to Queen Marie Antoinette, at Versailles, and formed part of the furniture provided for Louis XVI. during his confinement in the temple. After his execution his valet removed it to England, where it became the property first of the Prince of Wales and then of the Duke of York, who took it with him to Berlin, where it was placed in the hands of an upholsterer to be repaired. The workman to whom the arm-chair was given, discovered, upon removing the horsehair with which it was stuffed, a diamond pin, the portrait of a boy, and several sheets of manuscript. He did not mention the discovery to his master, but soon afterwards sold the pin to a Jew, and carried off at the same time the portrait and the papers. The jeweler succeeded in making out from the papers, which were written in French, that they consisted of instructions to a child from Louis XVI to his son, and that the portrait was that of the dauphin. A few years afterward this jeweler, whose name was Frederick Schenck, sent to Louis XVII, the son of Louis XVI, and Marie Antoinette, producing as evidence in his favor the portrait and papers, and, as will be remembered, meeting with a favorable reception. The workman who had made the discovery was naturally disinclined to say how Nouendorff had become possessed of these documents; but what he did say was the point of death he communicated the tact to his family, by whom the arm-chair, which the Duke of Cumberland had left at Berlin, was recovered and sold to a French dealer, who took it with him to Paris, and his widow was brought to such poor circumstances that it was the only article of furniture remaining in her possession when she entered the almshouse, in which she died last week.

SCIENTIFIC.

DR. B. W. RICHARDSON says that artificial respiration by means of electricity instead of resisting the drowned or asphyxiated than galvanism. By the use of an intermittent current of galvanism it is possible to make the respiratory muscles of an animal recently dead act in a manner resembling those in life, and the heart can be excited into brisk contraction by the same means. But the result was that the muscles excited by the current dropped quickly into irrevocable death through becoming exhausted under the stimulation, and that in fact the galvanic battery, according to the doctor's experiments, is in itself a powerful agent of death. In these experiments, in all but certain instrument of his own invention, which he used to death from the vapor of chloroform in the same atmosphere, and breathing one set by artificial respiration excited by the galvanic battery, and the other set by artificial respiration excited by a common bellows. He found that the first would recover in the proportion of five out of six, the second in proportion of one out of six.

THE influence upon animals of their association with man formed the subject of an interesting discussion in the British Association meeting. Sir John Lubbock in a paper on the Mental Progress of Animals During the Historic Period, said that differences mentioned as an instance of intelligence which had come under his own notice. Five years ago a barrel was put up into his garden at the top of a high pole. The barrel was perforated with holes and a nest built in it. In the course of two days two starlings visited the barrel, but for the next month only one day, and in about a week after ward two pairs of starlings came and occupied it, and brought up their young. The next year four pairs of starlings occupied the barrel, and they were much more than the previous year, and this last year there were a number of pairs of starlings so tame that they would feed from the hand on the ground. Here, then, how one bird had gained the habit of speaking, for the starlings in his garden frequently articulated words.

PETROLEUM AS A FUEL.—A method of using petroleum as a fuel in steam engines has been discovered in Italy. It has passed into American hands; it is patented everywhere. But like all good things, and the action seems perfect. Asbestos is the medium; asbestos is cheap, and inexhaustable, the oil passes, blazing on its surface with volcanic heat and power. The asbestos of paper be fired and the asbestos a little below the flaming surface it will not be scorched. In this way the heat of the flame is by another discovery the asbestos is made into a pliable fabric which can be used for many kinds of business, which is absolutely fire-proof. The furnace may be coated with this externally and internally, and a furnace so coated, the land can touch the furnace without being scorched. Large and perceptible holes in the metal, but it is very large. The experiments have been made in the presence of agents of the American patentee, and the success is reported in terms as warm as the blaze of the furnace. Russian and French engineers have seen the model here, and are sanguine of the success of the plan.—*Correspondent Glasgow News.*

TONITE.—A new explosive has just been successfully used at one of the principal collieries in the West Riding, in England, which it is hoped, will render blasting in mines safe and free from danger of any description. It is termed "tonite, or safety blasting powder." It is made of cotton which is crushed to a flour meal consistence, thoroughly purified and then rendered so by nitrification by an air blast, while it is brought to a boiling point by a jet of steam, a dose of carbonate of ammonia being thrown into the vat. By this means all the unstable nitrogen compounds are destroyed, and nitre forms so difficult of extraction are, by the aid of ammonia, reduced to their simple elements—nitrogen and water. The "tonite," is made into cartriges prepared with nitrate of baryta which is scarcely soluble in water so that when the charge dries it does not seperate and distort the shape of the cartridge. The cartridges are no more than eight, burning torches, which may be held in the hand without the least danger of explosion. The "tonite" is free from smell, and the strength is equal to dynamite, and appears likely to be extensively used in collieries.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—No rejected articles will be returned to writers unless the necessary postage stamps are furnished. It is better for writers to keep a copy of their articles to insure safety, as we cannot be responsible for their safe keeping. If they wish to hold them in case of rejection, we will do so, if the request is made at the time the MS is forwarded.

INCLINED WITH THANKS.—" An Ignorant Heiress." "Two Fools." "The Banner in the Sky." "Pet Pooks." "The Midnight Assassin." "Reading."

S. CRAIG.—The present Minister to England is Edwards Perrepont. He succeeded Robert Schenck.

FLORY WOOD, (Tioga Co., N. Y.).—We do not pay for manuscripts of that description. More are offered as voluntary contributions than we can use.

CHARLIE F. CLARK, (Erie Co., N. Y.).—You will have to practise a long time before you can write articles which would be worth paying for. Your article on trees is declined with thanks.

HENRY SMITH, (Jefferson Co., Iowa.).—You were correct in saying that the front teeth are not bones. Physiologists have shown that they are formed from the mucous membrane, and that like nails, hair and horns they are appendages to the skin.

J. F. R.—For a list of names of our Presidents and Vice Presidents, consult History of United States. In speaking of food it is incorrect to say it is healthful. When we designated the state of an animal; food, climate, etc., are properly said to be healthful, or unhealthful.

PETER G., (Wyoming Co., Pa.).—It is seldom that a trout weighing over ten pounds is captured. Ten-pounders are giants of the species. A few have been taken in Maine which exceeded ten pounds. Under the present recent system of trout culture, we may expect the largest trout to be not far from

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MUSICAL INQUIRER, (Monroe Co., Mich.).—We do not know who invented the trombone. As it is a modern, and not an ancient instrument, it was probably like most musical instruments developed by successive improvements. Some are of the opinion that the trombone is strument known as the sackbut of ancient times, mentioned in the Bible.

ESTHER ANDREWS.—A girl of thirteen ought to think of almost anything else than matrimony, and as to your being "in love," the obvious friend would kindly advise her to wait fifteen or twenty years until she could speak understandingly years until she could your patchwork and your play for years to come yet, before trying to write anything for the press.

NELL, (Alcove Co., Miss.).—We cannot decide whether you are too young or too old to be accepted or declined, until we have examined it. The subject matter of the letter written upon for years past, that it would be difficult to present any new thoughts upon it. If old ideas are presented in new forms, our readers presented, so as to engage the reader's attention, in order to be accepted.

T. D. GREAVES, (McLean Co., N. J.).—Fetich worship prevails principally among the savages of Africa. In special forms it is a worship of spirits. These objects may be natural, as trees, rocks, etc., or they may be idols. The rites of this form of worship are usually sensual in the extreme, and often accompanied with fearful bloodshed.

FRANK LEEDS, (Livingston Co., N. Y.).—The paper commonly in use at present is "Yours respectfully," or "Yours truly." "Yours etc." is rude and disrespectful. In writing to an intimate friend, you can adopt any unceremonious style of conclusion which expresses your feelings, etc. A letter to a woman was seem appropriate to the occasion; as "Yours ever," "Lovingly," "Continuously," "Hastily," "desperately," etc., etc.

YOUNG FLORIST, (Franklin Co., Mass.).—Fortune hunters are now imported from Holland or Italy, but they are now successfully cultivated in this country in immense numbers. Hundreds of thousands of them are raised for market annually in New Jersey. As the plant is probably of Oriental origin it requires more heat and longer seasons than our Northern States can give, and therefore must be started in a hot-bed early in the spring that it may flower before early frosts.

PAULINE VERNON (New Wilmington, Pa.).—For causes of the present unfortunate war in Europe, read answer to correspondent No. 15. The Department of Public Instruction is located west of the Capitol. It occupies an area of less than an acre. Cannot pay for MSS. at rates varying according to quality. Large numbers of voluntary contributions are received. Your question is a breach of practice before their work will command remuneration from publishers. Look for it upon your article only after examining it.

WILSON L. (Clay Co., W. V.).—We cannot advise what trade or profession A. should be consulted. Trusses are constructed on different principles, the special end in view being to prevent the intestines from protruding through the ruptured muscular walls of the abdomen. One object is to avoid irritation and inflammation and thereby promote healing of the rupture. In case of strangulation operation requiring careful treatment by a skillful practitioner. Our advice in all such cases is consult the best physician to whom you can have access.

INVENTOR, (Passaic Co., N. J.).—We have neither time nor space to examine minutely your proposed perpetual motion machine. Over and over it has been demonstrated by the laws of mechanics, by thousands of experiments and the same number of failures, that no arrangement of weights, pump, and like or other contrivances of the kind will produce perpetual motion. Understand that from your partial description, it is almost identical with an arrangement of which we have heard the plan of lifting yourself over the fence by the bootstrap presents the insurmountable difficulty to be overcome.

INQUIRER, (Dakota Territory.)—Promature loss of hair may occur from several causes other than those mentioned in the paper in the last is perhaps the most frequent. In your case as there has been no illness, it may be attributable to the fact you mention, viz.: bathing frequently in an alkaline lake. The alkali combining with the natural oils of the scalp would rob the hair of nutriment and lead to its impoverishment and premature loss. If this be the cause, some stimulant wash would be useful. Most druggists can furnish a proper compound for this purpose.

T. WELLINGTON, (Henry Co., Ga.).—The efficacy of cod liver oil in pulmonary diseases is probably due rather to its more digestible nature, thus affording a very ready means of nutrition, when other substances would be unavailable to the impaired state of the digestive organs. The taste is objectionable. The odor and the least smell is best, as being prepared from fresh livers. The article is frequently adulterated with other oils of less disagreeable taste may be avoided by first chewing a clove or a piece of orange peel. The oil before the high flavor of these have passed from the mouth.

GEORGE B., (Henry Co., Ky.).—A cowardly disposition is deserving of pity rather than scorn. It very often arises from weakness of the nervous system, and is the result also of paralysis, although not so marked, or serious. It may, like many other afflictions, be largely overcome by strong use of the will. A young person may, by a little effort, learn to despise such fears, by resolutely facing the "spooks" which imagination conjures up in the dark, until they no longer be seen. Familiarity with danger will educate one to almost a disregard of it. The time when one need not seek it for its own sake, half its terrors will be disarmed by firm set resolution to face it.

H. K. EDWARDS, (Dundee Co., N. C.).—Dervishes are a religious order found in the Mohammedan countries. They resemble in the order of monks in Christian communities. They are divided into several orders. All are required by their discipline to accept poverty, and to practice charity and humility; their practices, however, do not uniformly accord with the obligations of their order. Some of them are noted for their Mohammedan dances, which consist mostly of rapidly whirling until they drop exhausted; others are called howling dervishes, from their violent ejaculations. Their founder was Sheik Ahmed Rafair, of Bagdad, A. D. 1200.

L. G. SWEET, (Williams Co., O.).—We have no knowledge that truffles are produced anywhere in the United States. A somewhat similar growth, tuckahoe, or Indian bread is occasionally found. The name and history of both these vegetable productions is still obscure. From their association with trees of particular kinds, the oak and beech some have concluded that they are fungous or parasitic growths; others conclude that they are formed in some way from juices of the trees which have undergone chemical changes under the soil. Truffles in rates are imported to this country and are used for flavoring in cooking meats. Tuckahoe was a favorite article of food with the Indians, who roasted or baked it. This latter is found in various localities from New Jersey southward.